

# THE MONTH

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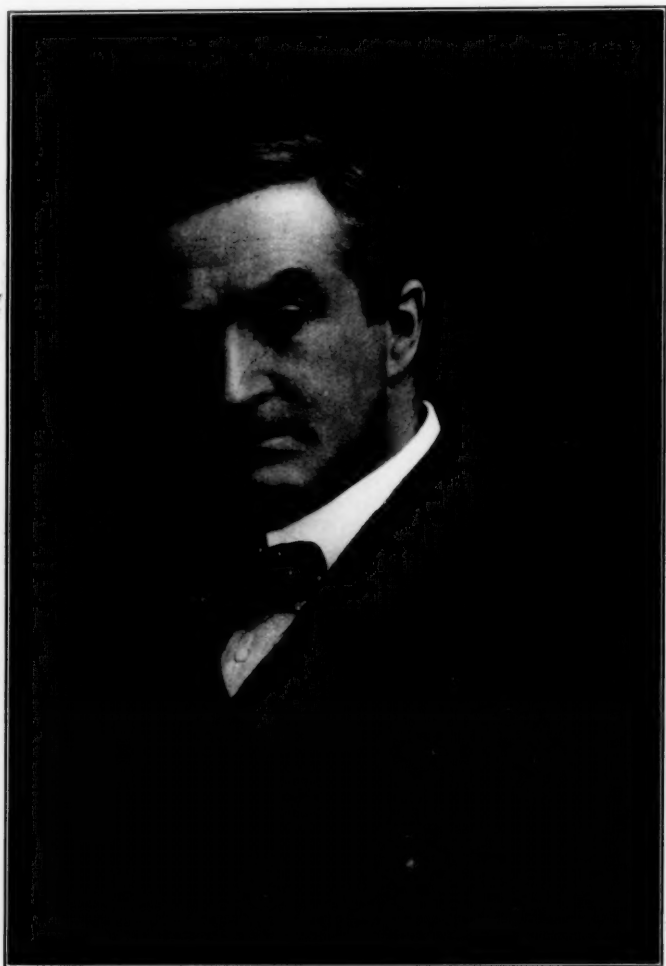
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PROFESSOR J. S. PHILLIMORE

Died November 16, 1926.

R.I.P.

## JOHN SWINNERTON PHILLIMORE

**B**ORN in Cornwall on February 26, 1873, the fourth son of Admiral Sir Augustus Phillimore, K.C.B., John Swinnerton Phillimore came of a family distinguished for many generations in various fields of public service. At Westminster School he was probably the most brilliant pupil of that famous Greek scholar and teacher, W. G. Rutherford. In 1891 he passed on as a Westminster scholar to Christ Church, Oxford, where he won a double First Class, and captured with ease the Hertford, Craven, and Ireland scholarships, and the Latin verse prize. His intellectual versatility was even then remarkable, for, devoted as he was to classical lore, he had many other interests. Poetry, Philosophy, Politics, each in turn beckoned to him; indeed, so great was his success at the Union, of which he was President, that he seemed marked for a political career. On taking his degree in 1893, he was made lecturer at Christ Church, and in the following year Tutor and Student, which office he held for three years. During this period he was one of the contributors to "Essays in Liberalism, by Six Oxford Men," the other writers being F. W. Hirst, H. Belloc, J. Simon, P. Macdonnell and J. L. Hammond. The conflicting claims of a public and a contemplative life are implicitly voiced in one of the most perfect of his poems, "In a Meadow," written in 1894. The arena of politics might well have been for him the scene of many a noble victory over injustice and oppression, but there was in him a fine natural reserve, and a craving for spiritual privacy, which would have rendered such a public life intolerable to him:

This is the place  
Where far from the unholy populace  
The daughter of Philosophy and Sleep  
Her court doth keep,  
Sweet Contemplation. To her service bound  
Hover around  
The little amiable summer airs,  
Her courtiers.  
Dreams without sleep,  
And sleep too clear for dreaming and too deep;  
And quiet very large and manifold  
About me rolled;  
Satiety, that momentary flower  
Stretched to an hour:  
These are her gifts which all mankind may use,  
And all refuse.

He made his choice, and, except on one or two occasions when his sense of justice was outraged by current political methods, he took no direct action in political affairs. His admiration for Mr. Gladstone found expression in a poem written in 1899 shortly after the death of the Liberal leader:

Echoes of music breathed on tranquil air,  
To thee on that well-meditated road  
The howling of our latter wars shall send.  
Earth will have war to sear corruptions: there  
Wise, peaceful soul humane, is peace bestowed  
By Him who waits thee at thy journey's end.

John S. Phillimore's brilliant academic career at Oxford marked him out as a fitting successor to Professor Gilbert Murray in the Chair of Greek at the University of Glasgow in 1899: thus at the early age of twenty-six he was called upon to maintain the distinguished traditions of a Chair which had been held by Sandford, Lushington and Jebb. What must have been to him a more difficult task, however, was to adapt himself to the new life, the new surroundings, and, in many ways, the new atmosphere of a Scottish University. Yet with the adaptability, ease, and tact, which were among his most precious endowments, he soon got into sympathetic touch with his colleagues and students. Perhaps his natural reserve and absolute thoroughness helped him to understand them, whilst it is certain that these qualities in him excited the respect and admiration of all who came in contact with him.

In 1900, he married Cecily, only daughter of the Rev. C. S. Spencer Smith. Five years later, on August 24th, he was received into the Catholic Church, by Father Sydney Smith, S.J., at Farm Street. He felt it his duty to place his resignation in the hands of the University Court, but the splendid record of his six years' work in Glasgow was too well known by that body even for the mere consideration of its acceptance. Nor did it come as a surprise to many when, in 1906, on the resignation of Professor George Ramsay, Professor Phillimore was translated to the Chair of Humanity, which he occupied with rare distinction till the summer of last year.

In 1917 he received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of St. Andrews, whilst in 1921 the University of Dublin conferred on him the degree of D.Litt.

As a teacher, he gave himself whole-heartedly to the



advancement of his students. Great classical scholar as he was, he was never guilty of preferring his subject to his pupils. His work was prepared with as much conscientiousness as if he were learning it for the first time. He looked at his subject from his pupils' point of view, and, anticipating their difficulties before entering the class-room, he knew how to obviate or meet them. This earnestness of purpose awakened and developed a corresponding earnestness in others. Careless indifference or culpable mediocrity were intolerable to him. Whatever a man undertook to do he must do with all his strength, otherwise the hour of reckoning was not a pleasant experience. As one of the most distinguished of his past students has said, those who had claimed Professor Phillimore as their teacher learned even more from what he taught them indirectly by his high ideals and the noble example of his upright life than from his formal teaching of the Classics. One can scarcely conceive any more stimulating and elevating influence in the training of a young man for his future career than to have had such a man for friend and guide.

That Professor Phillimore felt the full measure of his moral responsibility as a teacher was amply evident. His class was never to him a youthful audience to be lightly dismissed at the end of a lecture, but a number of individual souls, each with its own special gifts and needs, each with its own life to plan and fulfil. His students could count upon his sympathy and understanding at all times, and the freedom of his hearth and home was extended to them long after they had passed from the University. Perhaps one of the many secrets of his influence with them was that power of intellectual detachment by which he was able to see things through the eyes of youth. Despite his grave and reserved exterior, he was young in heart. He understood the zest with which they entered into the fun and frolic of undergraduate life, and they knew that he understood and sympathized. With this mutual understanding, the question of formal discipline, even with his unusually large classes, never arose. An uplifted hand, his quiet utterance of "Gentlemen!" was enough to subdue the most boisterous outbreak. On one historic occasion when his students showed signs of restlessness towards the end of a lecture, he quietly remarked: "Gentlemen, I have not yet finished casting my pearls." Instant silence was followed by shouts of good-

humoured laughter. He handled his men with infinite tact and consideration, but, though he held the reins loosely, they were always conscious of his controlling hand.

In 1923, on the completion of his twenty-fifth year as a professor at Glasgow, his colleagues, together with his past and present students, gave tangible proof of their appreciation of his labours by presenting him with his portrait, painted by his friend, Maurice Greiffenhagen. The actual presentation took place on January 8, 1924, in his own class-room. The ceremony was as delightful as it was informal. Old and young, professors and students, representatives of various learned societies in whose activities he had shown a practical interest, all gathered together to honour him who had won for himself the title, proud to the heart of all teachers, "the students' friend." Professor George Gordon, of Oxford, who made the presentation, gracefully voiced the feeling of all in the noble tribute he paid to his former teacher. They celebrated, he said, the scholar who had never divorced learning from literature, or literature from learning; for whom that unnatural modern partition did not exist; whose learning, though solid and high-built, had always been, as our ancestors would have said, polite. They celebrated the don who had never said or done a donnish thing; the professor in whose company the sour face of pedantry had never been seen; the scholar and savant who had kept the undamaged use of all his senses; who was a poet, and a poet of great excellence, in his own language, while he interpreted with the subtlest discernment the poets of other tongues. Professor Phillimore was in his happiest vein on this occasion, and, as often before, hid his emotion under a mask of wit and pleasantry.

Looking back on those years of teaching, one is impressed by the amount of self-sacrifice they demanded. The might-have-beens of the life of such a man give one pause. But he had deliberately chosen to devote his outstanding gifts to the cause of education, and nobly he fulfilled his vocation.

His literary output was necessarily small, for even the few intervals of leisure which he could secure were often devoted to the interests of others. But the quality of what he wrote gives clear indication of the place he might have taken among English writers. In 1902 he published "*Sophocles*," with an introduction, and a version of "*Ædipus the King*," "*Ædipus at Colonus*," and "*Antigone*." It is not as popular as is

Gilbert Murray's version, but no student should miss its masterly interpretation. On Propertius it is claimed he was one of the two greatest living authorities. He edited the text in 1907 and 1911, and published a translation and an "Index Verborum." He also published "Musa Clauda, or Latin Versions," and Statius's "Silvae." His wit, learning, and discrimination are seen perhaps at their best in the introduction to his version of "Apollonius of Tyana," done for the Oxford Translations. In 1925 he published "The Hundred Best Latin Hymns." For some years he had been interested in the subject, and had originally intended to make a much more comprehensive collection, but finally he judged it better to compile a smaller book, likely to have a wider circulation in colleges and schools.

Except for a number of introductory or critical studies, Professor Phillimore has not left behind him any considerable body of prose. The loss is ours, for his style was the reflection of his virile personality, exact, terse, and vigorous, yet always polished and rhythmical. In 1902 he published his first volume of poems<sup>1</sup>; in 1918 a second appeared under the title, "Things New and Old,"<sup>2</sup> and many other poems lie scattered in the pages of various periodicals. English Literature is all the richer for his poetry. If he who runs may not read, he who meditates with spiritual understanding and sympathy may find in it treasures new and old. It is to be hoped not only that his collected verse may soon be made available for a wide public, but that it may receive from competent hands a literary appreciation which is long overdue.

As a critic, he was just, fearless, and sometimes formidable, for he asked from others no less than the conscientious care and sense of responsibility which hall-marked his own work. He could not understand anyone professing to undertake a task for which he was incompetent. His "swift-dividing mind" instantly detected flaws and inaccuracies, and his "winged speech" left the culprit doing penance in the stocks for his literary sins. On one occasion when a drastic review from his pen had appeared in a newspaper, a friend remarked to him: "Poor N will have had a sleepless night after that." "I hope he had nightmare," was the quick retort. Yet there was no personal animus in this. His loyal love for Scholar-

<sup>1</sup> Poems, Maclehose, Glasgow.

<sup>2</sup> Oxford University Press.

ship made him jealous of her reputation, and it seemed nothing less than a betrayal to him when scholars gave of their second best.

As a public speaker, Professor Phillimore was singularly happy. His phrases were as neatly turned, as rhythmical, and as pointed as his written word. At whatever meeting he was present, and on whatever occasion, he was inevitably asked to make an introduction, or to return a vote of thanks. His spontaneous play of wit was the wonder and delight of all, and the perfect tact with which he carried through a difficult situation was something more than the result of natural good breeding. Being asked on one occasion to speak at a public meeting on behalf of a political candidate, he began by discoursing on the merits and services of his opponent. The supporters of the former were as much discomfited by this praise as supporters of the latter were surprised and delighted. The speaker, however, knew his audience better than they knew him. Quietly he wound up his eulogy by adding, "But we come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him," and forthwith Cæsar was placed on the dissecting table. Some few years ago, a chance remark made by Professor Phillimore at a semi-private gathering was reported and distorted by one intent on making political and sectarian mischief. An outburst of personal abuse and bigotry followed in the correspondence columns of the *Glasgow Herald*. Save for a short and dignified refutation of the mis-interpretation of his words, Professor Phillimore ignored the vulgar attacks of his self-constituted enemies. In the midst of this journalistic ferment it fell to him as President of the Glasgow Centre of the English Association to introduce a well-known writer who was lecturing to that body on Poetry. He remarked that in a great commercial city it was important to cultivate Poetry and the Fine Arts, so that men might live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light instead of in sordid materialism. "After Mr. Squire's lecture," he continued, "we may hope to hear the Herald angels carolling their hymns of peace and goodwill at the top of their correspondence columns to-morrow morning."

At the first social gathering of the Catenian Association in Glasgow, one who proposed the toast of the evening remarked that, though many priests were present, bishops were conspicuous by their absence. In replying, Professor Phillimore said in his own apt way: "It must be remembered

that being an infant association, we are much more interested in the future than in the past."

Again, one recalls how during a general strike some years ago there was a large gathering at the City Hall at which the Archbishop of Liverpool, then Bishop of Northampton, gave an address. His Lordship said he could not understand why he had been invited to speak, as it seemed to him that to bring a speaker to Glasgow was like bringing coals to Newcastle. In proposing a vote of thanks, Professor Phillimore assured His Lordship that he was as warmly welcome to Glasgow "as coals would be to Newcastle at the present crisis." He was once called on the telephone by a voice which announced in portentous tones: "There's a party wishing to be received into the Catholic Church." "How many are in the party?" came the swift question. "The party was only one," he afterwards remarked to a friend, "but I really thought at first that it was going to be another Oxford Movement."

Countless examples could be given of the wit and irony with which he delighted his friends or punished his adversaries. The gentlest and kindest of men, he had a powerful and dangerous weapon at his command, which, be it said to his credit, he wielded rarely, and never unjustifiably. But when brought face to face with cant, hypocrisy, or insincerity, his rapier flashed into instant action.

At first sight it would seem that Professor Phillimore had deliberately restricted his activities by the career he had chosen for himself. But, in fact, he was no mere recluse, living his life within the four walls of a lecture room. No one was more interested than he in the lives of others, no one, we venture to think, had more varied interests. One was constantly finding out the width as well as the depth of his knowledge. Everyone recognized him as one of the greatest living classical scholars, but not all knew of his intimate acquaintance with many modern languages and literatures, of his taste and sound judgment in the realms of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture and Music, of his love of Nature, of Patristic Literature, and many other branches of learning. He was an active member of many learned societies, a governor of the Glasgow School of Art, a manager of Notre Dame Training College, Dowanhill, president of the Catholic University Students' Association, and president of the Catholic Institute of Glasgow.

Not only public bodies but also private individuals came

to him for help, for counsel, for guidance. No one was ever refused, and many who are now safely on the road to material prosperity or spiritual peace have reason to rise up and call him blessed.

The demands made upon his time were endless, and they could have been met only at the cost of endless self-sacrifice. Looking back, one is tempted to think that much valuable time of a valuable life was wasted in all these activities. But he would not have had it otherwise, for he gave in the spirit of Magdalen when she lavishly "wasted" her precious spikenard on the feet of her Lord, and one doubts whether in his humility he even thought of waste in his generous giving.

A man of great strength of character, an idealist, and a distinguished scholar and teacher, Professor Phillimore was one of the most modest and retiring of men. His "alert silence" was not taciturnity. His reserve, though it often gave the impression of coldness and aloofness, did but conceal what a writer in *The Times* has called "hidden fires of love and loyalty." If we want to know the real man we must go to his poems, where those hidden fires found occasional escape. From the heavy burden of solitude of "self in self en-isled 'mid all mankind," a burden which he was to bear all his life, he deliberately sought relief:

Could man with man be friends so one in heart  
To hear confession of his doubt and hope;  
So justly levell'd to his spirit's scope  
That speech and thought might never shrink apart!

Yet here's a solace too, for who can fashion  
His discomposed thought in rhythmic page,  
And by confession to the world assuage  
The intimate unrest of mind and passion.

In "Which Laurel," he writes:

Yet hours will come when even the haughtiest  
Craves for a friend to assure, a sign to attest,  
The sterling truth which all refuse for base.

And again in "Arcanum":

Yet dumb he'll bide till certain signs discover,  
Amidst the ruck, that corresponsive ear  
To which the password given, he dare impart.  
If none conspire, why then—poor shiftless lover  
Whose suit may only in wistful eyes appear!—  
The secret sinks and burns away his heart.

In "The Tribunal of Poetry" he tells how the poet's song throws a double light, forward on the listener, and backward on the singer:

Sing—and, as one contrite, in purpose clear  
Crossing at dusk the many-pillar'd floor  
To find the wicket-grille, the world apart,  
Penitent tongue and comprehending ear,  
Relieves his conscience to the confessor—  
So thou shalt light the search in thine own heart.

As we reverently follow him in that search, we see as he saw, what great things God did for him, and we see, as he did not see, how nobly and generously he responded. His early poems reveal a young man full of aspirations, hopes and fears, questioning life, seeking for ultimate truth: his later poems prove that, through prayer and suffering, he had found the solution to those questions, that he had at last attained "white midsummer peace of certitude." The simplicity of his faith was a very beautiful thing. He loved the Church with all the ardour of his strong nature; he identified himself with her interests; he obeyed her laws with docility and loyalty, and he never ceased thanking God for His great mercy in leading him into the true fold:

I lie no more without my Father's gates  
A beggar every passing scullion rates,  
And, if they dared, would spurn; but there he waits,  
Feeling that hour approach which re-instates.

I had three seeds, which whilst the garden wall,  
Ruined and bare, showed no more baits to call  
A thievish beak, nor lodged a nest at all,  
Slept, all alert to hear a Footstep fall.

Hark, little seeds! O'erhead the sepulchre  
Is tenantless, and the fine linen and myrrh—  
A crumbling sheath of drawn Excalibur!  
To us He comes, to us He'll minister.

Now let us arise, and look that, when He thrids  
The ranks of the Elder Vigil, our eyelids  
Lack not compunction, graceless Danaids,  
But weep us clean to do what work He bids.

Our graces lost He soon shall reinspire,  
Make all things new, and run such race of fire  
Along our veins, we shall obey, entire,  
Like naps of millstream weed all swept by one desire.  
—"Paradisus Reflorescens."



In art his taste tended towards the austere rather than the ornate. His lines on Quarr Abbey speak of his love for the traditional music of the Church:

\* How satisfying to the last desire  
Do those austere figured melodies  
Rise at your lips and float in that serene  
Of visible peace, wherewith your minster choir  
Grows rich as the afternoon translucencies  
Of rivers golden-pooled in forests green.

One of the most striking characteristics of this truly great man was his humility. Richly endowed with so many varied gifts, he was ever lowly in his attitude towards God:

What am I but a leaf before the gale  
Unless from the high heaven I draw defences.

Prayer and the Sacraments were indeed his strong defences. He trusted in the power of prayer, and invoked the saints with a simple piety, which was a lesson to all who knew it. Shortly before he died, he wrote the following lines as a thanks-offering to the dear Saint who had sent him soothing sleep:

#### EX VOTO.

Saint of the little services and graces,  
The boon of slumber to a sleepless brow,  
Or foul disease that new sweet blood displaces—  
Here in this verse and now,  
Most blessed Philomena, I pay my vow.

His favourite poem, "In Honorem Sancti Boni Latronis," a moving invocation of "the Saint without a name," deserves to be widely known. One stanza only can be quoted here:

Pray thou for us. The hammer swung to cleave  
Thy larcenous palm likewise enforced the nails  
Through hands whose act at supper yestereve  
Prevailed, suiting the word, and so prevails  
That, hour by hour, in Mass the Word's made Flesh.  
Thou, seeing man, didst guess him God; but we  
See no man: sight belying, faith is loth  
To slip the sensual mesh.  
Therefore remembering thy "Remember me,"  
Help us believe Him and confess Him both.

The mystery of the Incarnation was a wonder ever new to him, and its crowning in the Blessed Sacrament the support and solace of his life. The thought of Mass and Holy



Communion brought to his lips the words, "Domine, non sum dignus." In "Eucharisticon," he prays:

Lord, when this house of rubble and rock and clay  
Shall sink asunder, in that earthquake hour,  
Thou, whom the lion's jaw could not devour,  
Remember how Thyself hast turned this way,  
And, ere the grey dawn of some winter's day,  
Entered this trembling shell and made a bower  
Of glory 'midst corruption by Thy power.

Again, in his sonnet, "Vocation," the Incarnation and the Blessed Sacrament occupy his thoughts:

In Man the Incarnation once for all  
Vouchsafed avails; yet water and grain repeat  
Daily in bread God's mystic boon afresh.  
Raindrops, who knows on which of you shall fall  
The Salutation? which the ear of wheat  
The summons of the Word shall make His Flesh.

During the year he made it a practice to visit the churches where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, just as in Lent, he frequently found time to make the Stations of the Cross. How much Benediction meant to him is revealed in the poem, "Per Ignem," written on his death-bed. His love breaks into flame as he thinks of the monstenance:

I do here enfold,  
Like Mary's womb the incarnate Son of God;  
And, like the hands of Joseph, my fine gold  
And crystal dandle the babyhood.

The incense calls to him:

I burn: yon thousands in the pillared gloom  
And silence hear the silver chain and see  
How in a cloud of fragrance I consume,  
O my sweet life, is this the last of thee?

And the candles bring their consoling message:

Serving we perish. The soft lambent fires  
Are martyr-courtiers, each in his degree,  
Of the Most Holy; and dying each suspires  
O my sweet life, is this the last of thee?

But he who had been so generous in his sacrifices, who had spent himself in the service of Christ, knew well the answer to his own question:

Poor creatures that sever  
All at a stroke, their sacrifice survives,  
A thing of sweet savour, a light forever.

On November 16, 1926, the feast of St. Margaret of Scotland, John Swinnerton Phillimore was called to his reward. From whatever point of view we may regard him, he was a great man—how great, perhaps, even the perspective of time will fail to show. One of the last letters he wrote was signed: "Yours in Christo Rege." These four words seem to sum up the record of his hidden, saintly life. He saw all in Christ, and Christ in all. May his eyes

Beholding face to face the Christ,  
In all the glorious vision rest emparadised.

S.N.D.

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### IN MEMORIAM

JOHN SWINNERTON PHILLIMORE

*"Quis desiderii sit pudor aut modus  
tam cari capitist?"*

In what calm silence did'st thou ride away,  
Knight-errant of the Lord,  
Forth to the last high quest, without dismay,  
Without one murmuring word!

Great heart and gentle, spirit strong and meek,  
Lover of lovely things;  
Lover of life, yet fain at length to seek  
Refuge beneath Death's wings!

Ours to remember, though with tears that blind,  
Thy soul's high chivalry,  
Thy winged speech, thy swift-dividing mind,  
Thy learning's empery.

Thine the repose of blessed sleep to take,  
Till that last trump is blown  
Wherewith thine Overlord to life shall wake  
The dead that are His own.

J. C. STEWART.

(From *The Glasgow Herald*, Nov. 27th, by kind permission of the writer.)

## SOMETHING HAPPENS

"**T**HE great tragedy in the majority of lives," Miss Clemence Dane is reported to have said, "is that they have no tragedy." By that, I take it, she meant to say that it is not the occasional crisis of misfortune, the poignant parting, the sudden outburst of passion blasting innocent happiness, which tells most heavily on the mass of mankind, but the eventless monotony to which they are condemned. Routine work and stale pleasures make up the days and nights of vast numbers subject to our standardized civilization. Miss Dane is right in supposing that it is the hopelessness of any change which constitutes for these the heaviest burden.

Some submit. In course of time their tamed minds adopt the slow rhythm of the revolving years. They learn to moderate their demands on the Universe, and to comfort themselves with a philosophy which places "safety first." Men and women of even pulse to whom excitement of any kind has become only a disturbing factor in their regularized lives. Youth with its craving for adventure lies far behind them. They have ceased to lift their eyes hopefully to the blue hills of the distant future. It is enough to pursue the wonted path of the present.

But there are others whose wild desires for something to happen may be read in a variety of ways. Not least significant of these is the modern mania for fiction, whether in the form of the drama, the cinema or the novel. In the stories followed, life is epitomized, foreshortened, its long, dull periods abbreviated, its uninteresting people relegated to the background. Event follows event in quick succession. The devices of the artist manage to impart a romantic or heroic glamour to happenings which in real life would be only mildly interesting or even distinctly annoying. In this case also are those who contrive to satisfy themselves with means of enjoyment lying easily within reach. But for others fictitious events are not enough. The brilliantly lighted stage on which their eyes have been resting make the every-day world not less but more drab. They demand drama having a closer relation to actual facts. Here the newspaper comes to their assistance. A daily, or rather

hourly, press which trumpets every incident as though it were a world-cataclysm gives them the happy impression that they are assisting in the making of history. It is that which constitutes the fascination of the newspaper. Except that it deals with real people and events, its function is similar to that of the novel. It foreshortens, sensationalizes the commonplace, creates the illusion of rapid movement. The illusion is cleverly maintained, and it comes generally as something of a shock to the man who, through illness or a holiday journey, has been for a month or two beyond the reach of newspapers to discover how little has really happened in the interval. Even at best, however, the part which the reader of these sheets plays is only that of a spectator taking part vicariously in the scenes reported. To get the full impression of hastening drama, it is necessary to be oneself involved in the whirl.

Hence the necessity so many feel of increasing the pace of their individual existence and of crowding more into the day's programme. The illusion of fiction and of the feverish press is supplemented, moreover, by those illusions of speed which the world of to-day is so well prepared to provide. By a generous use of motor cars, telephones and the telegraphic system, it is possible to persuade ourselves that we are moving more rapidly, though the question as to the direction and destination of our frantic journeying may remain a mystery. Business, politics, amusements, thus accelerated, appear to solve the problem for large numbers of securing an eventful day. But these more or less legitimate escapes from monotony do not suffice for all, and the dreary annals of crime show how others have sought to solve it by breaking through the legal and moral conventions of society.

Not all the attempts at "speeding-up," however, are of these egotistic types. There are those passing quiet and even sedentary lives whose efforts to relieve the eventlessness of existence take an entirely different direction, but who, nevertheless, are engaged in the same quest. The student of history, living in the past, by taking into his survey the happenings of centuries rather than of weeks, is transported into a world in which it would appear that things do actually happen. In the annals of Greece, Rome, Spain, England, he finds stirring events crowded into a few pages, and in recalling them is enabled to live at a quicker pace than by

following the slow processes taking place under his own eyes. At the opposite pole from this student of the past is the impatient revolutionist, seeing in the immediate future the consummation of all his idealistic hopes. How intensely apocalyptic can be the smoke-laden atmosphere of a Communist gathering in some back street the present writer has learned on more than one occasion. Here men and women, bored by the punctuality of the factory hooter, find relief from the seeming endlessness of their unvarying toil in speeches which apply the telescope to their tired eyes, bring the vision of the Promised Land within the range of the immediate To-morrow, and present the features of the Deliverer as a cinematographic "close-up." Furious propaganda, a busy network of organized activity complete the illusion. The promise of a speedy break-up in the present order of society relieves the strain of monotony, and challenges the pessimism which declares, "All things remain as they were."

But that pessimism itself is not without its prophets. They have looked upon the face of our hurried civilization, and seen it as a huge lie. "Progress," they have declared, "is an illusion. For all your efforts, the average of intelligence and character remain much the same. Your inventions minister to the evil passions of men no less than to the amelioration of the human lot. There is a great deal of movement, innumerable changes, infinite discussion, but are we arriving anywhere? History is like a huge clock, the larger hand of which moves swiftly enough, but we have observed that the hour hand is stationary."

Other prophets have spoken of "an eternal recurrence." There is no hour hand. History is merely a repetition. Taken even in the largest, cosmic sense, things come back to where they were. In one of the dreariest of his dreary chapters, Herbert Spencer called attention to the rhythm of the Universe. Nietzsche pushed the theory to its furthest limits, coining the phrase I have used concerning an "eternal recurrence" of all that has ever happened. Eastern philosophies are full of the idea. It is characteristic of the immobile Orient.

These reflections bring back to mind religious gatherings once familiar to the writer, where the same eventlessness made itself felt—no doubt because they were of that world which I have attempted to describe. The sermon was the

principle feature. We sang, we prayed and we listened, but chiefly we listened. And what we listened to was often good Christian teaching. It recalled verbally the great Event in this planet's history, and dwelt upon it reverently and not without a measure of insight. It also excited our expectations concerning the future. The preacher assured us that the world was moving. We lived in a progressive age. The theories of yesterday were dead to-day, and the theories that now held the field would be dead to-morrow. We got the impression of a world in flux. But at the service itself nothing happened. Verbal declarations are not events. Yet we prided ourselves on "moving with the times," and, on suitable occasions, could use scornful expressions concerning the conservatism of the Catholic Church. It was a derelict institution, which the tides of current thought were unable to dislodge from its moorings. It stood immovable in the midst of modern progress, an embalmed corpse.

I wandered one day into one of the edifices belonging to that Church. It was a large concourse of kneeling forms which I saw. People of all sorts, servant girls and ladies of fashion, retired military officers and bricklayers. An amazing democracy. I could not follow the service, which I now conjecture must have been a *Missa cantata*. The movements of the priest up there where the candles burned on the altar were unmeaning. They looked like arbitrary ceremonial acts, having no object except that of making an impressive effect. The worshippers stood or knelt according to some understanding to which I had no clue. It was all curiously mysterious. Slowly the incense smoke drifted out over the congregation. How it seemed to suggest obscurantism, the embodiment of all that was obsolete! Suddenly there was a movement as the congregation swayed towards the altar like a field of corn under a momentary flow of air. Everyone was kneeling and bent in a tense silence. In the midst of the silence a bell tinkled. It seemed to come from far away—a mystic signal from a realm beyond the natural world. Another ripple of bell-music: then a movement of release. The corn-field stood vertical again. People coughed, and moved and knelt erect. We had returned to our normal surroundings. In the meanwhile *something had happened*. Just what it was I did not know, but, of this I was certain, that some vital act of worship had taken place: something beyond speech: something supernatural. The air

was charged with significance. I looked at my neighbours. Their quietly drawn breath, their fixed gaze, even their closed eyes, intimated that something momentous had occurred. A subtle change had affected the whole moral atmosphere. It was like the relief that spreads through a household when a tiny cry in the birth-chamber announces the advent of Earth's latest guest. How can I express this sense of awful happening? It was as though I had seen the hour-hand on Time's dial move forward. Yes, at last, in this temple of the unchanging, in the midst of this sect for which history had stood still, God had performed an act of supreme significance. The world of noisy "progress," of gesticulating hurry, of palpitating excitement, of "startling events" and sensational revolutions continued its riotous career—the mere unmeaning advance of the large hand on the clock—but here, without a doubt, something which had a meaning, which spelt reality, which achieved a mighty end, had come about. So much I felt, more I was to know later, all, perhaps, I shall never know.

The time was to come when I should see that it was for this which may be truly called an Act of God that the restless multitude unconsciously craved. Here, at its sharpest point, in its most solemn aspect is history in the making. Here is the cosmic drama, eternal and contemporary, enacted before our eyes, we assisting therein. The desire for something to break the deadening eventlessness of life, the longing for "something to happen" is met in the most adequate and sublime fashion by this Deed of Divine Redemption. No day can be called dull in which we co-operate in the Holy Sacrifice.

This it is that gives its significance to history, which else is but sound and fury signifying nothing. Let the large hand on the dial revolve ever so quickly, its movements are unmeaning unless the hour be indicated. So, apart from the Mass, must the most crowded life come eventually to seem but an idle tale. Progress becomes a foolish word since we have no standard by which to measure it. The rise and fall of empires, the succession of wars and pacts, of party victories or commercial losses would appear to be no more than the ups and downs of a game for which there is no umpire. But given the index finger marking God's intervention in history, the world of daily happenings so gains in value that the events of even the most hum-drum life



will be seen as startling witnesses to the dramatic presence of a Divine Providence. Strange paradox this, that it should be in the Church most devotedly loyal to the past that the present should be so vitalized. It is there, in sanctuaries supposed to be consecrated to the repetition of obsolete rites and the murmuring of outworn creeds, there, in the Institution which of all others is said to be the least capable of effective movement, there where time is supposed to have stood still, that this Divine Act takes place and, in the profoundest, most sacred and most satisfying sense, something happens.

Does the world understand that it exists only for the worship and glory of God, and that, were it ever to omit that function, itself would come to an end? By His unending sacrifice, Christ the Redeemer has put into the hands of men a means of offering infinite honour to His Father, a pure and perfect Oblation, in respect of which the futility, ignorance and crime of the world are of small account. It is the Mass, indeed, that matters, in this supreme sense. The figure of this world passeth away. All these portentous happenings—the wars and rumours of war, the clashing of national ambitions, the catastrophes, moral and physical, that fill the papers, the million daily sins and follies of blinded and bewildered man: the whole tragi-comic drama of earthly existence—find their only true interpretation in that fulfilment of Malachy's prophecy, of the "*oblatio munda*," which, at all hours of the day and night, and in every place, should be raised in sacrifice to the name of God. It is not chronicled in the papers, yet it is the key to the riddle of life. What wonder that St. Paul expects of those who accept the Mystery of Faith a certain aloofness towards the happenings of earth!

S. B. JAMES.



## MATTEO RICCI : AN APOSTLE OF CHINA

### II.

**P**ERPETUALLY secluded within his own palace, a Chinese Emperor must needs delegate to his viceroys powers which were well-nigh absolute. Strange as it may appear, it was this fact that prepared the way for Christianity to enter China.

Father Michael Ruggieri, the first missionary, as we have seen, to learn to speak Chinese, had left a not unfavourable impression in Canton during the visit of 1581. Wonderful stories of western civilization were passed from mandarin to mandarin, until they reached the ears of the Viceroy for the province of Canton. Now this particular Viceroy had more than the usual share of official cupidity. In some dark fashion of his own, he conceived the idea that some of the vast wealth of the Portuguese who traded at Canton might be secured for himself. For was not Canton within his own province? These foreigners must then obey his commands. Whatever privileges they held in defiance of the ancient laws of China of which he was the custodian, they might retain for a consideration. Such, crudely, was the gist of the message that was sent to Macao. Let the Governor and the Bishop of the foreign colony repair at once to Chao'-K'-ing, the administrative capital of the province.

From contemporary accounts it is clear that the message caused no little consternation in Macao. There were vague rumours of intended treachery. But to Ruggieri it came as a heaven-sent opportunity. He would go as the Bishop's representative. The Governor for greater security could send some minor official. So, in fact, it was arranged.

When they reached the viceregal palace, it was clear that the Viceroy wished to impress them. Surrounded by officers with drawn swords, he received them with the superciliousness befitting his rank, and, by way of emphasizing his power, he ordered his men-at-arms to advance on the visitors as if to strike them. But Ruggieri remained cool and dignified, and, approaching the Viceroy, he displayed the rich and varied presents he had brought from Macao. Caught by his own avarice and struck, no doubt, by Ruggieri's cool bearing, the Viceroy accepted without a word whatever ex-

planations the missionary offered. . . . Yes, the Portuguese could retain all their privileges, and the custom of trading at Canton might be continued. Then after admiring the presents, further, he called for scales and weighed out a quantity of gold, which he begged Ruggieri to accept as a token of his gratitude for the delightful gifts. But Ruggieri's chief request was still to come. During their stay at Canton they had seen much that was good, wise and just. Might they not, then, settle within the Empire so as the more fully to appreciate the greatness of China? The Viceroy was wary. He would not commit himself beyond nebulous promises of possible concessions. Then he descended from his throne, took Ruggieri by the beard, and admired the beauty of its full growth. The interview was at an end.

Accompanied by a crowd of mandarins and soldiers, Ruggieri made his way back to the boat; but on his way to the river, he was drawn aside, and it was whispered into his ear that the gold the Viceroy had given to him was not really a gift, but only a viceregal way of asking for more presents. The missionary rose to the occasion. There was at Macao, he said, a most marvellous clock, the like of which was not to be found in China, for it struck the hours and their divisions: he enlarged upon its intricate mechanism. That officer had a strange tale to tell when he returned to the palace at Chao'-K'-ing.

Some little time elapsed before Ruggieri was able to sail again up the Sikiang, for he was detained at Macao by severe illness. When, however, he did reach Chao'-K'-ing, the clock did its work with the Viceroy. He was lost in admiration. Nor was he less enraptured with a gorgeous prism whose colours outshone those of the rainbow. The noble celestial could refuse nothing; they might settle in China; where would they care to live? There was an old Buddhist temple that was theirs should they desire it. Most willingly would they accept it. But greatest of all favours, Matteo Ricci, now well versed in the Chinese language and literature, was given permission to come to Chao'-K'-ing. At last the Chinese mission seemed to be established. In the Jesuit house at Macao there was great joy. Valignani alone, experienced in oriental fickleness, shared not the general enthusiasm.

Once established in the old temple, Matteo Ricci took the

leading rôle for which he was by nature fitted. Important civic officials called at the new mission; and many were the discussions held between the Jesuits and the mandarins. Religion was not mentioned. Mathematics and philosophy formed the basis of their symposia.

Along no such peaceful path, however, was the Cross to enter China. The mission at Chao'-K'-ing had been established but five months when a grievous contretemps occurred. The reigning Viceroy, as cruel as he was avaricious, had, some little time before Ricci's arrival at Chao'-K'-ing, condemned certain Litterati to be beaten with rods. Now, your Litterati were important persons; they were the *élite* of the land; and one of them had been so inconsiderate as to die under the scourges. Delated by his enemies to Peking, the unhappy Viceroy was seized with fear; nor was it assuaged when he was informed that a successor was on his way to Chao'-K'-ing. Panic rendered him unreasonable. He was disgraced; of that, not a doubt. Disgrace, however, had its degrees of penalty. If, in addition to the real offence, were added that of encouraging foreigners, the extreme punishment might be his lot. Forthwith, he dispatched a hurried message asking the Fathers to leave the town as soon as possible. The blow was swift and cruel. They set out, a crestfallen party, for Macao, and, when they ultimately got there, it was the shrewd Valignani that comforted them most.

But not easily would Ricci accept of defeat. It was his first taste of adversity and he was still young. To soften the blow, the deposed Viceroy had given to the expelled missionaries a document requesting the chief Mandarin of Canton to shelter the strangers. However, the decree of a disgraced and unpopular Viceroy did not impress the magistrate, who only, very politely, pointed out the quickest way to Macao. But arriving at Hian-Chan, they determined to return to Canton; failing to get a passage on a junk proceeding up river, they forced themselves on the notice of the chief mandarin of Hian-Chan, and, as it were, insisted on being arrested as strangers. Returned thus to Canton as prisoners, fortune at last favoured them, for they were taken before the marine mandarin, and he, it transpired, was an old friend of happier days. To gain time, Ricci persuaded the Admiral of the Port to keep them under open arrest until the merchants came up from Macao for their

annual month's trading, a period as yet some weeks distant. So it was decided and all seemed well, but before nightfall, the harassed little party was, with many excuses, politely requested to return to Macao. They were told the new Viceroy was coming to Canton, and against him not even an Admiral of the Port could protect them. But in a public place they saw a newly posted decree, which seemed to give a more obvious reason of their expulsion. It ran thus:

A great many abuses are committed in the neighbourhood of Ngao-Men (Macao) and the laws are openly infringed. These abuses are for the most part to be attributed to the interpreters and linguists, who, in abuse of their office, teach evil to the barbarians and lead them into crime. Thus we learn that certain interpreters have actually persuaded some foreign monks to learn the language of the Central Nations, and then to demand a place in the Capital of the Province, in which to build a house and church. All this is extremely pernicious to the Empire, which cannot benefit in any way by the presence of the barbarians. . . .<sup>1</sup>

The decree ended on a stern note: anyone disregarding the law would have his head cut off. Not all Ricci's charm could reconcile a marine mandarin to such a fate. So to struggle further was useless. A sad welcome awaited the missionaries at Macao. The Chinese Mission was not yet established.

However, Ricci and his companions had been but eight days at Macao when they were recalled to Chao'-K'-ing by the new Viceroy. Why, we do not know; and Ricci himself attributed it to the direct action of Providence. On the 10th of September, 1583, then, the missionaries sailed once more up the Sikiang. Arrived at the Court, Ricci explained his own and his companions' profession to the Viceroy. They were religious men, priests, who desired to build a house and church wherein to worship their God. The Viceroy was magnanimous. He would take them under his protection: let them choose a spot for their house and church. Outside the city walls on the banks of the river, was an incompleated tower; let them worship there. True, it had been destined for some heathen idol, but, said the eclectic Viceroy, you may put up any god you like. Near by there was ample ground for a house.

<sup>1</sup> "De Christ. Exped.", Lib. II., c. 3.

To the Flowery Tower, for such was its name, the Viceroy went next day to fix the limits of their foundation. And after the business was completed, Ricci was made to promise that he would obey the laws of the Empire, that he would neither invite nor introduce any other foreigner into the city.

The work of building was commenced. A square house of two storeys in European fashion was contemplated, but Ricci's superior at Macao, who had to supply the money, thought one storey would be sufficient. It was a squat, truncated affair at best; but for the Chinese populace it proved a novel attraction. They crowded daily to watch the strangers at work; the Flowery Tower became the Strangers' Tower, and popular orators warned the assembled crowds of this latest menace. These foreigners would do as they had done at Macao. They would come in twos and threes, and they would end by invading the Empire. But the Viceroy intervened. From the palace came a lengthy decree, threatening with the bastinado anyone who should interfere with the wise and just men from the West. Ricci had been at work again.

If the house, now finished, was not all that its architect (Ricci) had desired, the situation at least made amends for it. A beautiful river flowing from distant mountains, a country-side rich and cultivated, orange and pomegranate trees in gorgeous blossom, lights and colours unknown to Europe, a benign climate, and the crowded traffic of passing junks with their many coloured sails. And at night an incomparable scene: river lights and lanterns swinging slowly down to Canton, and in an atmosphere fine and rare, Ricci's beloved stars.

The little house became also a church, and thither came a crowd of motley visitors. Litterati and mandarins, the aristocracy and the common people, priests of Buddha, soldiers and officials, all gazed wide-eyed on the wonderful treasures in the strangers' house. We cannot do better than let Ricci describe for himself the works of these early days.

The house consisted of four rooms grouped round a central hall. This hall the Fathers arranged like a church, with an altar in the centre on which they placed a statue of the Madonna and Child. . . . Now in the Chinese tongue there is no word to correspond to Dio (God). The word cannot even be pronounced, for in Chinese there is no letter "D." They began, then, to

call God "Tien-tchou,"<sup>1</sup> that is to say, Lord of Heaven. To this day it is the word used in China. . . . It suited our purpose admirably. For Heaven is adored by the Chinese as the supreme divinity; some identify it even with the material sky. The name therefore that we gave to God showed most strikingly how much greater was our God than theirs, which was heaven, for our God was the Lord thereof.

The Fathers also called the Madonna by another name, which signified the Lady Mother of God. Before the image of the Mother and Son, rich and poor, the mandarins and Litterati, as well as the idolatrous priests, made their genuflections and prostrations, bowing down to the ground with profound respect.<sup>2</sup>

Later, however, this statue of the Madonna and Child was removed and replaced by one representing the Saviour, for the report had spread through the city that the strangers worshipped a woman as their God. Not yet could the mystery of the Incarnation be expounded to China. Although it is perhaps true that the Jesuit house was looked upon as a sort of museum of curiosities by the inhabitants of Chao'-K'-ing, yet no mistake could be greater than to suppose that the missionaries were nothing but showmen. Many people, no doubt, called at the house to see the rarities of the West; but some at least came later to demand instruction in the Christian Faith. It was not long before Ricci found himself embarked upon a fairly extensive catechetical ministry.

Perhaps the most striking and effective object in this Jesuit museum was a map of the world. One of the chief difficulties in the early evangelization of China was the breaking down of that colossal pride of race and culture which was the heritage of every Chinaman; the parochial spirit extended to an empire. It is thus that Ricci speaks of it:

The fathers had in their hall a map of the world inscribed in European characters. Having had the map explained to them, many people desired to have the inscriptions changed into Chinese in order to understand it the better.

Even the Viceroy pressed Ricci to set about the work.

<sup>1</sup> In a sketch of this kind, the famous question of "Chinese Rites" need not be entered into. See *THE MONTH* for September, 1891: "Clement XI. and the Chinese Rites," by Jos. Rickaby, S.J.

<sup>2</sup> "De Christ. Exped.", Lib. II., c. 5.



The Chinese, he added, would be greatly obliged. So this versatile apostle drew a map much larger than the one in his own hall, and added explanations in Chinese script.

It was [the *Memoirs* go on to say] the best and most useful work that could have been done at the time to dispose China to give credit to our Faith. It is true that the Chinese had already maps of the world, but they consisted of the five provinces of China, washed by a narrow sea, in which were scattered small islands representing the countries of which they had heard; together they did not make more than one province of China. And this idea of their greatness made them so proud that they considered other nations barbarous and savage.<sup>1</sup>

But latitude and longitude cannot lie: and Ricci contracted somewhat this bulging China. The less learned laughed and mocked at first, but the more erudite, noting the fine order of the meridians and parallels, the equator, the tropics and five zones, with notes on the customs of the different countries—particularly as some of them coincided with their own maps—could not but admit that here indeed was an advance in their geographic knowledge. And not least was the credit of European scholarship thereby enhanced; the more so because the governor of the province pressed Ricci to reproduce the map so that it might be distributed to the other provinces. Thus, not only were the sources of racial arrogance diminished by this revelation of the size of the world, but also the fear that these strangers might endanger the Empire was removed by the sight of the distance their armies would have to traverse. China might rest undisturbed. What military or naval plans were scrapped by this new map we know not: at any rate, the work of these first missionaries was made easier by its production, and another stumbling-block removed from their path. But the map was not all: for the *Memoirs* proceed: "Besides the map of the world, Father Ricci made many terrestrial and celestial globes as well as sundials, and these he gave as presents to the mandarins and to the governor. All these things, which they had never seen before, as well as the explanations of the courses of the stars and planets

<sup>1</sup> "De Christ. Exped.," Lib. II., c. 6.

gained great credit for the Fathers."<sup>1</sup> Ricci himself they considered the greatest astronomer in the whole world, but he is careful to inform us that they thought so only because they knew so little about these things.

As time went on, into Ricci's scientific symposia the topic of religion was cautiously introduced. Opportunity presented itself when the mandarins inquired the use of the beautifully printed bibles or the meaning of the various Christian emblems. Ricci had evidently carefully prepared these initial introductions to the Faith. He pointed out how the law of God was not only in accord with the natural law, but, furthermore, how it tallied in many points with the teaching of Confucius and the early Chinese sages; and, to drive home his point, he wrote a catechism of the Christian doctrine that was reprinted by thousands. It was welcomed by the mandarins and Litterati, not only because of its intrinsic worth, but because it was written in a style well calculated to please even their fastidious tastes.

Certainly the missionaries had made many friends among the educated classes; nevertheless, from time to time heavy trials overtook them. A false accusation of stealing children to sell as slaves at Macao caused their house to be mobbed by an infuriated crowd. Ruggieri was accused of a still graver crime, and the Fathers had to pay many visits to the courts whilst the patently false evidence was weighed with solemn care. No sooner were they finally exonerated than the very existence of the mission in China was threatened by the death of their protector the Viceroy. His successor was persuaded to present a new temple to the province he had come to govern. It was pointed out to him that certain strangers, contrary to all law, had built for themselves a beautiful house in the suburbs. It was an admirable site for a temple. The result of these suggestions was soon apparent. Ricci was banished from Chao'-K'-ing, in spite of protests and petitions, and given permission to settle in Shao-chow, a fever-stricken city where strangers were apt to die suddenly.

Thus ended Ricci's six years' connection with Chao'-K'-ing.

F. X. ROGERS.

(*To be concluded.*)

<sup>1</sup> "De Christ. Exped.", Lib. II., c. 6.



## THE BLOOD MIRACLES OF NAPLES

### II.

**T**HERE seems to have been a tendency among many Neapolitan writers, such for example as the Theatine Father, Antony Caraccioli, and the Jesuit, J. D. Putignani, to regard the blood prodigies with which they were so familiar as a sagacious recognition on the part of Heaven of the exceptional merit and faith of their pious compatriots. To them the number and diversity of these wonders afforded a cumulative proof of their genuineness, and they were apparently blind to the consideration that the rather suspicious character of some of the marvels might throw discredit upon the supernatural origin of the whole group of phenomena. Visitors, however, who came from beyond the Alps were apt to see the matter in a somewhat different light. In a letter of J. H. Newman to Henry Wilberforce, written in 1846 just after the former's ordination to the Catholic priesthood, we get a characteristically delicate but significant indication of what was passing in his mind. Visiting Naples in August, and having been pressed to stay on to witness the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius in September, he remarks:

They say conversions often take place in consequence. . . . They say it is quite overcoming—and people cannot help crying to see it. I understand that Sir Humphrey Davy attended every day, and it was this extreme variety of the phenomenon which convinced him that nothing physical would account for it.<sup>1</sup> Yet there is this remarkable fact that liquefactions of blood are common in Naples—and unless it be irreverent to the Great Author of Miracles to be obstinate in the inquiry, the question certainly arises whether there is something in the air. (Mind, I don't believe there is—and speaking humbly and without having seen it, think it a true miracle—but I am arguing.)

We saw the blood of St. Patrizia, half liquid, *i.e.*, liquefying, on her feast day. St. John Baptist's blood sometimes liquefies on the 29th of August, and did when

<sup>1</sup> Although this statement has been many times repeated in print, my own attempts to find adequate evidence to justify it have met with no success.

we were at Naples, but we had not time to go to the church. We saw the liquid blood of an Oratorian Father, a good man but not a saint, who died two centuries ago, I think; and we saw the liquid blood of Da Ponte, the great and holy Jesuit, who, I suppose, was almost a saint. But these instances do not account for the liquefaction on certain days, if this is the case. But the most strange phenomenon is what happens at Ravello, a village or town above Amalfi. There is the blood of St. Pantaleone. It is in a vessel amid the stone-work of the altar—it is not touched—but on his feast in June it liquefies. And more, there is an excommunication against those who bring portions of the True Cross into the Church. Why? Because the blood liquefies whenever it is brought. A person I know, not knowing the prohibition, brought in a portion—and the priest who showed the blood suddenly said: "Who has got the holy cross about him"? I tell you what was told me by a grave and religious man.<sup>1</sup>

There can be no question that "liquefactions of blood are common in Naples," and I very much doubt if even those who have touched upon this aspect of the problem have any just idea how numerous the cases are. Cardinal Newman mentions besides St. Januarius, the blood of St. John Baptist, St. Patricia and St. Pantaleone. St. Alphonsus Liguori, in his theological work entitled "*Evidenza della Fede*," tells us in addition of the blood of St. Stephen at San Gaudioso, and explains that that of St. John Baptist was preserved in two different convent chapels, to wit, at Sta Maria Donna Romita, and at San Gregorio Armeno, at both of which places in his time it still liquefied on the feast of the Saint's Decollation (August 29th), "when the gospel is read in the Mass." One naturally feels a little curious to know how the blood of the holy Precursor had been preserved, and how the relic was identified. Father Putignani, writing in 1723, is full of information. This precious treasure, he declares, was presented by Charles of Anjou, when he became King of Naples in 1265, to the convent of St. Michael Baiano, of which he was the founder. The institution, however, in the latter half of the sixteenth century became impoverished, its numbers dwindled, and on its ex-

<sup>1</sup> Wilfrid Ward, "*The Life of Cardinal Newman*," i., pp. 188—189

tion the relic was equally divided between the two Benedictine communities of Donna Romita and Gregorio Armeno.<sup>1</sup> Unfortunately, the pious and well-informed antiquary, Pietro di Stefano, whose book was printed in 1560 before the convent of Sant' Arcangelo<sup>2</sup> a Baiano was suppressed, tells a quite different tale. What he recounts was then so recent, and he was so interested in the matter that it is difficult to suppose that he could have been entirely mistaken.

Sant' Arcangelo [he says] is a convent of nuns of the Order of St. Benedict. In the said convent are certain relics, the Saint they belong to not being known. But there was one little cruet (*una piccola carafella*) full of blood, which was harder than a stone, and the Abbess being very anxious to learn what martyr's it was, made known her wish one day to the aged priest with whom she was conversing. The priest replied: "My dear Sister, the only thing to do is to have recourse to prayer and to ask God to reveal to you what martyr it belongs to. And so I suggest that on every martyr's feast you set the relic with all honour upon the altar, and have the Vespers of the martyr solemnly sung in the hope that our God may grant you some miracle when the festival of the martyr comes with whom the relic is connected." The Abbess thought the advice good and acted accordingly, and when the feast of the Decollation of St. John Baptist came round, they had the first Vespers solemnly sung as they had done for the other martyrs. And lo! on that same day the blood liquefied miraculously—this was about six years ago—and the same thing has happened each year on the feast of St. John Baptist's Decollation.

And I myself, being anxious to witness so great a miracle, was present there on the same feast, which is the 29th of August, in the year 1558, in order to see what happened. There was brought in a little cruet full of blood, which was as hard as a rock, and they set it with great veneration upon the High Altar, and the priests of San Giovan' a Mare sang the Vespers, and when the Vespers were over, all the bystanders could see that the

<sup>1</sup> Putignani, "De Redivivo Sanguine D. Januarii," Vol. I., p. 88. (Naples, 1723.)

<sup>2</sup> It was called indifferently San Michele or Sant' Arcangelo.

blood had liquefied, whereupon all gave praises to God Almighty. And surely this is a most glorious miracle and a great testimony to our holy Faith that the said most holy martyr, than whom there hath not arisen a greater born of woman, should vouchsafe to give such a sign on the day he died for the love of Christ our Redeemer.<sup>1</sup>

That in this and the many other similar cases, the apparently hard substance melted, there seems no reason to doubt. Unfortunately, we learn that at this precise epoch the said convent of Sant' Arcangelo Baiano was not only impoverished and reduced in numbers, as Putignani a century and a half later informs us, but it was in such a scandalously relaxed state of discipline that St. Andrew Avellino, then a comparatively young priest, was sent by Cardinal Scipio Rebiba, in 1556, to reform it. As a consequence, his life was twice attempted by assassins hired by persons engaged in an intrigue with members of the community. Moreover, some of the nuns themselves are said to have acted most infamously towards him. St. Andrew's efforts for their reform met with no permanent success, and in 1577, Cardinal Paolo Burali d'Arezzo, Archbishop of Naples, a most holy prelate, whose cause of beatification has been introduced, decided to suppress the convent altogether. The relic, we are assured, was given to the Convent of San Gregorio Armeno,<sup>2</sup> and nothing is said of any division of it, so that it is difficult to account for the appearance of another phial of the blood of St. John Baptist at Sta Maria Donna Romita. In any case, there seems to be a somewhat startling incongruity between the scandals of the convent of Sant' Arcangelo Baiano and the sudden manifestation in the same house at precisely that epoch of a prodigy of the divine favour. On the other hand, if we could suppose that some substance or mixture had been accidentally discovered which hardened when shut up in the dark, but melted more or less rapidly when exposed

<sup>1</sup> Pietro di Stefano, "Descrittione dei Luoghi Sacri della Città di Napoli," Napoli, 1560, folio 177.

<sup>2</sup> See for all this, Bagatta, "Vita del Ven. Paolo Burali d'Arezzo," Verona, 1698, p. 249. Cagiano, "Vita di Paolo d'Arezzo," pp. 285—288; and Bolvito, "Vita S. Andrew Avellino," Napoli, 1625, p. 21. A scandalous chronicle published under the title of "Le Couvent de Baiano" by F. P. Caracciolo in 1829 is probably little better than a work of fiction, though it professes to have been extracted from Neapolitan archives; but there can be no question that in the 16th century the convent bore an extremely bad reputation.

to the light of day in a warmer atmosphere,<sup>1</sup> it would be easy to understand the multiplication of alleged relics of this character, which undoubtedly seems to have taken place in the latter part of the sixteenth century. In the pre-Reformation period, the only relic which periodically liquefied, and that but once in the year, was that of St. Januarius. Stefano, in 1566, speaks also of the blood of St. John Baptist, of which he gives the account which has just been quoted, but he apparently knows of no other case. He mentions, for example, the church of St. Patricia, but he has nothing to say about either her blood or that of St. Bartholomew, or the blood which streaks a nail alleged to have been one of those with which our Lord was crucified. All these relics, however, are described by Cesare Engenio in 1624 as preserved at St. Patricia's and as liquefying on occasion, though in the case of the nail the blood-stains were said to become moist only on Good Friday.<sup>2</sup> Three liquefying bloods in one church seems rather an unfair distribution of miracles, but Engenio is not the only authority who vouches for them. Again, Engenio mentions<sup>3</sup> another relic of the Baptist's blood at the church of S. Giovanni a Carbonara, which also liquefied and foamed, but Sabbatini, a century later, informs us that though the relic was still there, the phenomenon had ceased in this particular specimen.<sup>4</sup> At the church of S. Gaudioso was a phial alleged to contain the blood of St. Stephen, the first martyr. It is mentioned by Engenio in 1624, and, as late as 1674, Sabbatini, a learned and reliable witness, observes:

Our city of Naples preserves the precious treasure of the blood of this saint (St. Stephen), which, when the hymn, "*Deus tuorum militum*" is sung, dissolves in the sight of all present; a manifestation which has been witnessed by us very many times, as we have seen it at first hard and then liquefying. The spectacle is certainly astounding. This great treasure is to be found in the church of San Gaudioso, where a number of religious women of very noble families and most exemplary life live in community.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It is perhaps worthy of note that the festivals when St. John Baptist, St. Patricia, St. Lawrence, St. Pantaleone, St. Vitus, etc., were specially honoured, all occurred in the hot weather. Even St. Stephen (Dec. 26) had another day on Aug. 3rd, the "*Inventio S. Stephani*."

<sup>2</sup> Engenio, "*Napoli Sacra*," Naples, 1624, pp. 180—182.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* p. 158.

<sup>4</sup> L. Sabbatini d'Anfora, "*Il Vetusto Calendario Napoletano*," VIII., p. 97.

<sup>5</sup> Sabbatini, *l.c.*, xii., p. 43.

We learn from Engenio, "*Napoli Sacra*," pp. 198—199, that this relic was "found" accidentally in 1561. They knew it must be blood, because the contents of the phial were black and hard, and they learnt that it was St. Stephen's blood, because one of the Canons, named Luciano, taking it into his hands, suddenly had an inspiration to invoke the holy martyr with the words, "*Video cœlos apertos*," etc.; whereupon the blood immediately liquefied and increased in bulk so notably that they had to pour it into two other little flasks.

In the church of San Lorenzo, belonging to the Franciscan Conventuals—Sabbatini again may serve as our authority—

Here are exposed for veneration a rib and a phial containing the fat of the holy martyr St. Lawrence, which liquefies on the day of his feast. Another phial of the same as is preserved in the church of Sta Maria Donn' Alvina, which also liquefies on his feast-day, as we ourselves have seen almost every year.<sup>1</sup>

There were, therefore, at least two liquefying relics of St. Lawrence in the city of Naples, and there was also another not far off at Avellino, as we may learn from the English traveller, H. Swinburne, who remarks, Catholic though he was, a little satirically:

The good people of this town (Avellino) need not run to Naples to see the blood of St. Januarius, for they have a statue of St. Lawrence with a phial of his blood, which for eight days in August entertains them with a similar miraculous liquefaction.<sup>2</sup>

F. de' Franchi in 1709 gives us a description of this reliquary, from which we learn that a small vessel of crystal, containing coagulated blood, together with fat and flesh, is set like a jewel in the breast of a silver-gilt bust of the Saint. From the first Vespers of the feast of St. Lawrence throughout the octave, this mass, it is asserted, may be seen in continual movement.<sup>3</sup>

At Ravello, not far from Amalfi, was the famous relic of the blood of St. Pantaleone, of which Cardinal Newman

<sup>1</sup> Sabbatini, "*Il Vetusdo Calendario Napolitano*," VIII., p. 59; and he further quotes Caraccioli's "*Napoli Sacra*," pp. 104, 501.

<sup>2</sup> Swinburne, "*Travels in the Two Sicilies*," i., p. 111.

<sup>3</sup> F. de' Franchi, "*Avellino illustrato*," Napoli, 1709, p. 549.



has already told us. Sabbatini says that the account given by the Bollandists is quite accurate as he can testify from his own experience, for as a young religious priest<sup>1</sup> he had more than once preached missions there. On the eve of the festival of the Saint the whole blood liquefies in a way which excites the devotion of all who behold it, and he adds that this remarkable liquefaction takes place also on other occasions, and in particular either in the presence of a relic of the true cross or in that of a consecrated Host.<sup>2</sup>

From the various accounts of these and other kindred phenomena which I have come across, I must confess that I am strongly inclined to believe that such alleged blood-relics *always* liquefied if they were exposed long enough to light and air. The casual visitor who might ask to venerate them on everyday occasions, would be allowed to inspect them for only a few minutes, after which they would be replaced in their receptacles, sufficient time not having elapsed for any notable change to be observed. If a rapid liquefaction did chance to occur, an explanation was found in the fact that someone had a relic of the true cross about him, or that the Blessed Sacrament was near, or that God wished to reward the special devotion of the visitor. No one, unfortunately, seems to have attempted to test the phenomena in a critical spirit, and indeed it is likely that the custodians would not readily lend themselves to further any such endeavour.

Another liquefying relic of the blood of St. Pantaleone was preserved in Naples itself at the Franciscan church of St. Severo.<sup>3</sup> But not to prolong this catalogue indefinitely, I will only say that we hear of St. Ursula's blood liquefying at Amalfi, of that of St. Eustachius at Scala, that of St. Blaise at Eboli, and that of St. Vitus at Polignano, all at no great distance from the capital. And beyond a doubt there were a number more, for Father Putignani, after speaking of some of those already dealt with above, declares that, for brevity's sake, many must be left unnoticed. And he adds that if any systematic survey were attempted the chapter he devotes to them would swell into a volume.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> He belonged to the congregation of "Pii Operari" and later in life was consecrated Bishop.

<sup>2</sup> Sabbatini, "Calendario," Vol. II., p. 39.

<sup>3</sup> F. de Magistris, "Status Rerum Mem.," p. 387; Engenio, "Napoli Sacra," p. 370.

<sup>4</sup> His words are highly significant: "Cœterum si de hoc nostro regno Neapolitano ex professo agerem, ex huiusmodi prodigiis liquoribus tot se

But among the prodigies of this kind which the good Jesuit Father does particularize as specially enhancing the glory of Naples is a marvellous relic, of which he gives the following account:

In connection with these liquefactions, I must on no account omit to mention a miracle which, among the Fathers of St. Francis a Paola (the Minims), in the church of St. Louis, King of France, situated just opposite the royal palace, is wont to be wrought every year. Here there is venerated a relic, said to be the milk of the Mother of God, which was a present made by Cardinal Antonio Perenotto, called de Granvella, when he exercised the office of Viceroy in the Kingdom of Naples. It is a substance of fine grain (*tenuis substantia*), whitish in colour, like dried-up milk, but of rather hard texture (*durioris nihilominus venae*), until the vigil is reached of Our Lady's Assumption into heaven. For on that day, in a solemn procession of the Fathers, it is carried from its shrine to the High Altar, and at that same hour it liquefies (*duritiem missam facit*). The veneration of it is attended with much pomp, nor is one day sufficient to content the devotion of the people in regard to this prodigy of the Mother of God. The celebration is continued for the whole octave.<sup>1</sup>

It must not be supposed that Father Putignani stands alone in his ready acceptance of this rather remarkable miracle. Montoya, the historiographer of the Minims, in his "Coronica General," written a hundred years earlier, describes it as "one of the greatest marvels in the world," and declares that Our Lady's milk in its tiny silver cruet (*ampolletica de plata*) not only liquefies but boils.<sup>2</sup> Strangely enough, Engenio in 1624, De Magistris in 1678, and Sarnelli in 1692, speak, not of one, but of two little phials of Our Lady's milk preserved at the church of the Minims<sup>3</sup>; but the assertion that the milk liquefies is made by all. On the other hand, I have not been successful in discovering any authority who declares that he had seen this liquefaction

exhiberent, quot non tam capitis huius quam integri libri materiam ministrarent." Putignani, "De redivivo Sanguine," Vol. I., p. 175.

<sup>1</sup> Putignani, "De redivivo Sanguine," Naples, 1723, Vol. I., p. 90.

<sup>2</sup> Montoya, "Coronica General de la Orden de los Minimos," Madrid, 1619, Bk. III., p. 79.

<sup>3</sup> Engenio, "Napoli Sacra," p. 551; De Magistris, "Status rerum," p. 455; Sarnelli, "Guida de' Forestieri," p. 304.



with his own eyes, or even that the liquefied "milk" was shown to the people, as of course is the case with the St. Januarius relic. If the receptacle was really of silver, and the quantity, as is probable, merely a thimbleful, the liquefaction would have to be taken on faith even by those who were nearest to the altar. I must frankly confess that in this case I am entirely sceptical as to the existence of any phenomenon. The so-called "Milk of Our Lady" was quite a common relic in the Middle Ages.<sup>1</sup> As F. de Mély and Beissel have shown, most of what was so designated seems to have been a chalky exudation from the walls of a cave in which the Virgin Mother was believed to have suckled the Divine Infant.<sup>2</sup> But it was venerated as a relic, and its true nature being forgotten, it was often spoken of as a treasure of priceless worth. No doubt the imagination of some devout Minim will have persuaded him that if St. Januarius's blood liquefied, the milk of the Blessed Virgin *a fortiori* ought also to liquefy, and as no one could see very clearly what went on inside a tiny silver cruet, the miracle found no contradictors.

On the other hand, there seems no good reason for doubting that the reputed blood-relics of St. John Baptist, St. Stephen, St. Lawrence, St. Pantaleone, St. Patricia, etc., did really dissolve before the eyes of those who venerated them. Sabbatini, who before he was raised to the episcopate, was a devout religious as well as a scholar of real learning, tells us regarding more than one of these relics that it liquefied while he himself was looking on. For instance, he says of the blood of St. John Baptist: "one morning I had the consolation, while celebrating Mass in the church of Donna Romita, to see that the said blood began gradually to dissolve, and eventually it all liquefied."<sup>3</sup> We may fairly assume that during Mass there would have been no turning upside down or showing of the relic. It was resting quietly on the altar before him. Again, the Bollandists print an account written by a Jesuit Father who accompanied the Count Palatine, John William, on a visit to Naples in 1676.

<sup>1</sup> As any one will discover who may take the trouble to work through such a book as that of De Magistris' "Status Rerum Memorabilium," there were a dozen or more Neapolitan churches in the seventeenth century which claimed to possess relics of Our Lady's milk, though of only two of these was it stated that they liquefied.

<sup>2</sup> The supposed properties of galactite seem also to have contributed to the confusion. See F. de Mély in "Revue Archéologique," 1890, pp. 103-116; and Beissel, "Verehrung Marias im M.A." (1909), pp. 208 seq.

<sup>3</sup> Sabbatini, "Calendario," Vol. VIII., p. 98.

In the Prince's honour a special exposition of the relic took place in the church of S. Gregorio Armeno on March 9th, and a votive Mass of St. John Baptist was celebrated before it. "I," writes the Father, "said the first Mass, and before I had ended drops were already trickling from the solid substance in the glass phial before me. Another Mass followed, during which it became fluid, and by the time a third was begun it all sparkled and bubbled like blood freshly spurting from the veins of a living man."<sup>1</sup>

So far as concerns the phenomena which still take place at St. Patricia's in Naples, at Ravello, and at several other churches, there are plenty of witnesses. I have spoken with some of them, and they are quite convinced that the relics, at first hard, do gradually liquefy when they are exposed for veneration on certain determined festivals. A lady whom I have met has told me further that a minute quantity of the blood of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, obtained seemingly when one of his teeth was extracted and now preserved at the Gesù Vecchio in Naples, liquefied, as it is reported sometimes to do, when it was presented to her to kiss at a private visit she paid to the church. As for the frequency of the prodigy, I have come across altogether the mention of some twenty different relics in Naples and the surrounding country which were believed to liquefy on occasion. Three of these claimed to be the blood of St. John Baptist. Three more were attributed to St. Lawrence. Two, if not three, to St. Pantaleone; and so on. In some cases the "miracle" was reported to take place only once a year, on the feast of the Saint; in others it was wrought every time the blood was exposed for veneration. Sabbatini rather stresses the fact that in his day (c. 1750) the blood of St. John Baptist at the convent church of Donna Romita was often exhibited to gratify the devotion of casual visitors, and liquefied every time, as also whenever Mass was said in its presence; while that of the same Saint at S. Gregorio Armeno normally remained hard the whole year through, except during the first Vespers of the Baptist's Decollation feast in August.<sup>2</sup>

Several of these minor relics, of course, are no longer known to be in existence, but one, though little heard of, has been added to the number in relatively modern times. This, of which I have only learnt through the valuable work

<sup>1</sup> "Acta Sanctorum," June, Vol. IV. 1st Edn., p. 763.

<sup>2</sup> Sabbatini, "Calendario," Vol. VIII. pp. 97-98.

of Professor Isenkrahe, "*Neapolitanische Blutwunder*,"<sup>†</sup> purports to be a small portion of the blood of St. Alphonsus Liguori († 1787), which is preserved in a little church dedicated to "S. Maria della Mercede e S. Alfonso" in the Via S. Sebastiano. Professor Isenkrahe accidentally heard of the existence of this relic, and when with some difficulty he had traced its whereabouts, he paid two visits to the church in question. On the first occasion, the "parroco" noticing the presence of strangers came forward and asked them whether they wished to see the relic. After a brief parley he went to a cupboard beside the altar and took out a small monstrance, in the centre of which was a tiny globe-shaped vessel of glass, closed with a cork and about an inch and a half in diameter. At the bottom of this lay an apparently hard substance, dark in colour, which, from its appearance, might have been mistaken for a few fragments of copper ore. It adhered, however, to the glass, for when the vessel was turned upside down no movement occurred. The parroco then knelt down and said a very short prayer. Taking the reliquary into his hands he again inverted it and bade the sacristan bring a lighted candle. Looking through the globular vessel towards the candle held behind it, it could now be seen that while the dark mass still retained its position, thin red threads of fluid were trickling down the surface of the glass and forming a little pool over the cork which stopped the orifice below. The reliquary was then turned right side up and replaced in its cupboard. The whole episode had lasted no more than five minutes.

Professor Isenkrahe, being invited to record his impressions in a register kept in the sacristy, wrote in German a brief statement to the following effect:

A little vessel was shown us in which we could see a brown hard substance. Then the priest prayed for a few moments, lifted up the vessel, turned it upside down, held a lighted candle behind it, and I saw how from the brown hard substance a red fluid trickled down. This

<sup>†</sup> Professor Isenkrahe is a Catholic, but he approaches the question of the St. Januarius miracle in a thoroughly scientific spirit. He comes to no definitely hostile conclusion, but he considers that many tests and experiments must be made before a decision as to its supernatural character can be arrived at. Unfortunately the evidence regarding the other liquefying blood-relics, excepting always that of St. Alphonsus Liguori, seems to have escaped him. He made no attempt to investigate any of them.

is my testimony given in accordance with the truth. Naples, May 3, 1911.<sup>1</sup>

Three days later, Professor Isenkrahe, accompanied by another friend, renewed the experience. The liquefaction took place as before, but on returning to the sacristy the Professor found an opportunity of putting to the parroco certain questions which he had prepared beforehand. These, with the answers received, ran as follows:

How did St. Alphonsus, who was not a martyr, come to lose the blood now exposed in the little flask?

ANSWER.—Through a wound opened immediately after his death.

How did it get into the little flask?

A.—His (religious) brethren collected it in this vessel. A Redemptorist, Father Cocle, gave it to the church of Madonna della Mercede.

Has anything been printed about this blood-liquefaction?

A.—The parroco believes that an account appeared in a little periodical published at Turin.

Does the whole of the blood contained in the flask become fluid, or is nothing more seen at any time than the trickling of a few drops?

A.—Yes, the whole of it liquefies if you wait long enough.

Can one observe how that part which has liquefied becomes hard again?

A.—It hardens gradually. No special observations have been made in the matter.

How is the little flask closed?

A.—There is a cork, a seal, and a silver cap.

Is it necessary to invert the flask to produce the liquefaction?

A.—It is only inverted to show how the drops trickle down.

Cannot the liquefaction be seen without a candle being brought close beside it?

A.—It takes place without any candle, but you can see it better when a candle is used.

Is there any evidence that liquefaction has occurred when the flask was left quietly in its cupboard?

A.—No.

<sup>1</sup> Isenkrahe, "Neapolitanische Blutwunder" (1912), pp. 32—33.

How long has the phenomenon been observed?

A.—Since a short time after the death of the Saint.

Does it take place also in winter? Or when the air is very dry? Or after a long spell of wet weather?

A.—At all times.

The flask is inverted and the blood begins to run down after a prayer is said; does it not flow, then, if the flask is inverted before saying any prayer?

A.—It has never been observed that the blood began to flow before the prayer. On the other hand, in ten years experience the parroco has hardly ever known the liquefaction not to take place after the prayer.<sup>1</sup>

There is much here that is puzzling and hard to accept without qualification. The parroco, Mgr. Arnaldo Nappi, who returned these replies, no doubt answered in good faith, but no test has been or could be applied to control the accuracy of his statements.

A third class of blood-prodigies which has so far been only incidentally touched upon remains to be considered more at length in a concluding article.

HERBERT THURSTON.

<sup>1</sup> Isenkrahe, "Neapolitanische Blutwunder" (Regensburg, 1912), pp. 34—36.

## A REPLY TO MR. JOHN DONNE

•POET AND PREACHER, 1573—1631

I WAS reading again the other day Sir A. Quiller Couch's very delightful, and very sound, "Studies in Literature," and, in the course of his clear and suggestive appreciation of John Donne in the study of Seventeenth Century Poets, I came across again the extract from one of Donne's sermons, which I set out below. For Donne was a Preacher as well as a Poet, having, though brought up as a Catholic, joined the Church of England in his twenties, and been ordained and accepted preferment under James I. Indeed, he was a great preacher, and his sermons are written in beautiful prose. In *them*, says Sir Arthur, "you shall seek for the great Donne, the real Donne: not in his verse, but in his *sermons*, which contain (as I hold) the most magnificent prose ever uttered from an English pulpit, if not the most magnificent prose ever spoken in our tongue."

Well, though I seldom disagree with Sir A. Q. Couch, I cannot put it quite so high as that myself, though I agree that some of his prose is magnificent. The passage in question, however, is not, and Sir Arthur does not suggest that it is, in his highest style: it is "a specimen" (as he says) "of his lighter controversial style, which I may call his skirmishing style." Here it is:—

Why should I pray to St. George for victory, when I may go to the Lord of Hosts, Almighty God Himself; or consult with a serjeant or corporal, when I may go to the general? Or to another saint for peace, when I may go to the Prince of Peace Christ Jesus?

Why should I pray to St. Nicholas for a fair passage at sea, when He that rebuked the storm is nearer me than St. Nicholas? Why should I pray to St. Anthony for my hogs, when He that gave the devil leave to drown the Gergesens whole herd of hoggs, did not do that by St. Anthony's leave, nor by putting a *caveat* or *prae-non-obstante* in his monopoly of preserving hoggs? I know not where to find St. Petronilla when I have an ague, nor St. Apollonia when I have the toothache, nor St. Liberius when I have the stone. I know not

whether they can hear me in heaven, or no. Our adversaries will not say that all saints in heaven hear all that is said on earth. I know not whether they be in heaven, or no: our adversaries will not say that the Pope may not err in a matter of fact, and so may canonize a traitor for a saint. I know not if those saints were ever upon earth, or no: our adversaries will not say that all their legends were really, historically true, but that many of them were holy, but yet symbolical inventions. . . . I know my Redeemer liveth, and I know where He is; and no man knows where He is not.

Well, I had read this before, but the sense of it (such as it is) had not struck me. I suppose I had read it more for the balance of the sentences and the "skirmishing style" than for what it said, for, indeed, there is more skirmishing than sound argument in it. But this time it did strike me, and I thought that, had I been there and listened to that sermon, I might have had something to say to Mr. John Donne; and I thought that, if I had, I should have replied to him—and, since he was (as I think) a great and subtle poet, though not a good nor, I fear, an honest-minded man (for, if he did not sin against the light, he must have shut his eyes to it, and here, at least, he spoke dishonestly), I hoped I should have shown no anger, but only some regret—somewhat in this manner:—

"And do you think, Mr. Donne, do you believe, truly and in your heart, that I do not go to the Lord of Hosts (who is also the Lord of Peace and Charity), Almighty God Himself? Do you truly think that none hath the immediate ear of God but the members of that Church, to which you are now loyal, which has so recently been established in this our English realm? Do you so? or were your words but a pretence, a device of rhetoric to tickle your hearers' ears withal?

"Do you believe that I pray to St. George for victory, or to St. Nicholas for a fair passage? Nay—but I know that you do not. You know that I but ask them to carry my petition to God and to implement it with their own supplications. Or why do you say that if I pray to St. George I but consult a corporal, when you should know that I consult him not at all, but only impetrate, nay, almost demand, his good offices with the general. You shall not tempt me too



far with your earthly analogies, but, upon this one of yours of serjeants and corporals, I would ask you—'Was not Cæsar reputed a general whose ear was open to all?—and yet, if some poor legionary thought it well, either from diffidence or from policy, to ask what he had to ask of Cæsar by the mouth of Labienus or other of his trustiest centurions, think you that Cæsar would have been displeased or that he would not rather have been glad, in granting the request, to show thus a twofold kindness, to the soldier and to Labienus too?'

"But see how these earthly analogies fail us both. For do we not each of us know well, as we play thus with words for toys, that my prayer to St. George would not be as would be the soldier's prayer to Labienus; for his would not reach the ears of Cæsar till Labienus brought it, and perhaps maimed it in the repeating, but mine, even as I uttered it, yea, even while it was yet but in my mind to utter, had already reached the ears of God, and all that is left for St. George to do is, from where he sits among the saints, to lift his eyes to God, or since they are already fixed on Him for all eternity, with but an added pulse of adoration, to father the request. Is this to distrust God or to make prayer less simple or less full of faith? Or do you think that God is jealous of His Saints? The thought is blasphemy, and I think it not—nor you. Yet how, without seeming to suggest so horrible a thought, can any man truly think that to make of God's Saints conduit-pipes to God whereby our prayers may be made doubly sweet to Him and His graces be to us doubly given; that thus to use them in praise and impetration of Him; is less pleasing to Him than if we always, shouldering past those He has chosen most to honour, knock directly at His door?

"You speak (but I know that it was but to please your hearers for, yourself, you know better) as if Catholics seldom or never addressed their prayers direct to God. Yet in that Mass, which your new-established Church feigns to find idolatrous; that Mass built up by the Church Catholic, from the days of the Apostles, of prayers to usher in and enshrine the Supreme Sacrifice that God ordained; that Mass for love of which, at the moment you spoke your sermon, her priests were languishing in your prisons or soaking Tyburn gibbet with their blood; you will find if you but choose to read it, that what you said, and what you more implied, was not plain truth but false rhetoric. You will find that in that

central act of her worship, that sacrifice of the Mass which is her very core and soul, which her priests daily celebrate and her children must at least on Sundays hear, she prays and bids them pray to God Himself throughout, with a directness, a fervour, a faith, a very passion of intense beseeching such as you shall find in no other body of prayers that Christian men, stricken by their sins, yearning to praise their God, and hungry for His forgiveness and His love, have compassed or near approached.

"Come, Mr. Donne, and read the Mass with me. Nay, I will not be denied and you owe me so much at least—to let me defend myself from what you have accused me. I warrant you have yet, hidden away in some cupboard, an old Mass-book from the old days at Lincoln's Inn when you too were wont to hear it said and perhaps served at the altar and spoke the responses and handed the wine and water. But I do not mean to twit you; only let us read the Mass together. Have you the place?—then let us begin, with the Priest, 'In the name of the Father, and of the Son and, of the Holy Ghost, Amen.' There could surely be no better beginning? And now the priest, about to go up to God's altar, prays God, in the words of David, to help him in his weakness and his unworthiness. 'For thou O God art my strength—send forth Thy light and Thy Truth—and they shall lead me to Thy altar.' He dares not yet approach for he must confess his sins aloud and standing yet at the foot of the altar steps he says the Confiteor. He confesses first to Almighty God and then, to prove his humility and in earnest of his sorrow for his sins, he confesses them too to the Mother of Jesus and to all the Angels and the Saints of God, and, having so confessed, he adjures them all to gather about him and to 'pray for him to the Lord Our God,' his God and theirs, that his sins may be forgiven him. Do you find fault with him for that? He is about to approach the altar of God; he is very soon (poor, trembling, mortal) to hold in his hands, as he truly believes (and it matters not, here, Mr. Donne, if you too believe it or no), the very body and blood of Christ; and may he not, poor man, ought he not, indeed, call to his aid all that he can find to aid him, to lessen, a little, his own unworthiness and add, not to the truth or sincerity, but to the volume and value and percussion of his own impetrations?

"You yourself, Mr. Donne, when you approach God's

altar—?—but I forgot, you do not believe as we do—and yet even what you believe is sacred enough to need—but no—I will not question you; I am not belying your method of prayer, I am but defending my own. Let us go on and see how often my priest in the Mass prays direct to God, and how often and in what manner he joins the Saints and Angels of God with him in his prayers. Having so confessed and so prayed he now climbs the steps to the altar murmuring as he goes another prayer to God, '*Aufer a nobis Domine,*' that He will wash out our sins so that we may approach Him with a clean heart: and then the Mass really begins. The Introit which opens it is always a prayer direct to God taken from the mouths of the prophets; the *Kyrie Eleison* which comes next is but a piercing cry to God the Father and to God the Son and to God the Holy Spirit for mercy; and the *Gloria in Excelsis* has always sounded in my ears with the *Te Deum*. It is the *Te Deum* of the Angels, a hymn of pure and simple and direct adoration. 'Glory to God in Heaven, and on earth peace to men of kindly heart'—but you have kept it, I think, Mr. Donne, and you know it well, only you may have forgotten that we say it always in the Mass. The prayers that follow, too, do you remember?—even though they commemorate or ask the intercession of a saint whose feast day it may be, end always with the proviso '*per Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum, Filium Tuum,*' to make it clear that whatever other intercession, of Angel or Saint or Mother of God herself, may be involved, it is only 'through Our Lord Jesus Christ His only Son' whom He sent to redeem the world, that the prayers of Catholics are directed to the Throne and the Mercy of God. One might almost see in this universal particularity (for such it is in all our prayers) a prevision in the makers' minds of what we are now accused—and its refutation.

"I will pass over the Epistle and the Gospel which follow, for I know you will have nothing against these; nor the Creed, which is that of Nicæa and which, I believe, has undergone no reformation at your hands up to this present. We have reached the Offertory, and there in the two beautiful prayers in which the priest makes the oblation of the Host, and the oblation of the Chalice, he prays to God alone. Then he washes his fingers that are presently to hold and raise aloft the consecrated Host and Chalice, and in the words of David again he beseeches God to help and guide

him aright. And then he begs the Holy Trinity to accept this oblation in memory of Christ's passion and resurrection—and now, for the second time in the Mass, he includes Christ's Mother and the Saints in his prayer, and begs their intercession. Having joined the Saints in the offering, he turns to the people and, in the *Orate Fratres*, begs them too to pray that the sacrifice he is about to offer may be acceptable to the Almighty Father. Then, with a *Sursum Corda*, the Preface chants another hymn of praise and thanks to God, and with a 'Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth' the Canon of the Mass begins. But I see I need not go further with you. It has come back to your memory and you will bear it out with me that all the prayers in the Mass, both before and after the supreme words are said, are prayers or praises or supplications direct to God and that, where the Saints are invoked, it is by way only of joining them, as they would wish to join, in this great Sacrifice.

"But have we not wandered a little from your sermon? you ask me, and would it not be better for me to stick to my text? With all my heart; and the more so that I remember now there are some matters there that I had not yet reached when the Mass led me astray. Here we have it again.

"I will leave you your argument of the Gadarene swine and of St. Anthony his hogs, for, indeed, I think you meant it but as a jest, and I am not one to question too closely into jests even when spoken from the pulpit, so that they cover no dishonesty, and this of yours is so plain a *non sequitur* that I need not to counter your *prae non obstante* except with a *quo warranto*; for I never heard yet that St. Anthony claimed a monopoly of preserving, or of destroying, hogs. Let that be; it hath raised a smile, and it was good for that if for nothing else. But when you say you know not where to find St. Petronilla or St. Apollonia, I have to answer you that if they be Saints you do (and if they be not, I will answer you presently), and you should know whether they can hear you in Heaven or no. 'Our adversaries,' you say (though God He knows I am not your adversary, but well-wisher), 'will not say that all Saints in Heaven hear all that is said on Earth.' I grant you, they will not; but they will say that all Saints in Heaven can hear it if they choose, and that they do certainly hear all prayers and all praises that rise from this sinful yet redeemed world towards

God. What? Do you think that God, because He has gathered them to Him in Heaven, has stopt their ears; or that He wills not that they should hear His praises sung or hearken to prayers that are born of His grace in the hearts of men; or rejoice with Him and His Angels upon one sinner doing penance? Are not God's Saints something more interested in that matter than the Angels (who, Christ Jesus tells us, do so rejoice)?—for are they not those men and women for whom His blood has not been shed in vain and should they not desire, with Him, that that Blood shall avail to save as many and as many and as many more again? If you have not so much Charity (and I will not believe you have not, though, if you have, 'tis twice pity that you stoop to hide it), be sure at least that the Saints of God have it, and that their ears are alert to catch and to carry men's prayers to His throne. And now for what you say of knowing not if all canonized Saints be in Heaven or no. If you asked but mine own belief, I would tell you that I think not that 'the Pope might have canonized a traitor for a Saint' in error; for since I believe, upon the word of Our Lord Himself, that the Holy Ghost is with His Church and will be its guide 'even to the consummation of the world,' I do not believe that the Holy Ghost would permit so grave a misprision. But it needs not this faith to justify my prayers. For even if there were such a false Saint and I to pray to him in error that he carry my petition to God, do you think Our Saviour to be so indifferent or so careless of the prayers of men, whom He died upon the cross to save, that He would let it fall and not carry it to Himself? Yea—and give me the same grace and audience as if I had done Him reverence (as I had meant to do) through some true Saint whom He loved? If you think not that, you think less faithfully of the merciful kindness of Our Saviour than does the poor Catholic you scoff at in your sermon.

"And, to conclude, for I am nearly done, may I ask you, Mr. Donne, what doth the Communion of Saints mean to you? What doth that most beautiful phrase and conception carry to your mind? 'It would take thought and time to answer rightly,' you say? Truly it would; it would take all a man's life; but, while you are pondering, I will tell you (though, indeed, you ought to know) a little, a very little, of what it means to Catholics—and to me.

"It means that all the Saints of God are mine as well as

His; it means that, since His blood redeemed them which was shed to redeem my soul too, they cannot deny me if they would whatsoever I may ask them to do that may further that end, which was and is His intention and His desire.

"It means therefore not only that they can, but that they must, hear my prayers. It means, too, that there is being daily gathered up in that heavenly store-house, which is the Mind of God, a vast treasure of grace from the prayers of all His Saints; both while they lived on Earth and since they were gathered to Him in Heaven, which is mine to use in aid of my own poverty and which God will accept of me both to supplement my own prayers and in remission of sins of which I have repented. I need not use it unless I will; God will hear me if I approach Him alone and in my proper rags, but I like not so to approach Him often. I know my rags: I cannot stand up like the Pharisee and make a catalogue of what I bring, for I bring nothing but a late repentance. And since I have in Heaven these troops of friends who are His friends too, I were a churl if I were too proud to use their good offices. When I tell my God I am sorry, I do so on my knees and face to face, but I like to feel my fingers in the folds of some Saint's gown (some Saint, may be, who has sinned and been sorry like me) and his hand upon my shoulder, pressing it a little, and hear him whispering to me to be of good cheer. And it heartens me to know that I can always do this, for, though I love my Redeemer, I am yet in awe of Him.

"And best of all it is to know that whenever I like (and how often I do like She knows), I can call upon that one of God's Saints who alone was sinless, the Mother of Jesus, and she will come and hold my hand and let me keep it in hers while I am praying, and then I know very well that my prayers will be heard.

"'They would be without that,' you say? Well, and if they would, having so great privileges, should I not be a fool and a boor if I never used them? I will say no more, Mr. Donne—for you believe, I trust, that I, too, 'Know where my Redeemer liveth, and know where He is'? You did not mean, did you? that only those of your new Church knew Him or that we others did not know Him to be God and omnipresent? No—I am sure that you did not and that that last sentence was rhetoric too."

I have been conversing with you so long that I had almost forgot that you lived in the seventeenth century while I am living in the twentieth century. But now that I rub my eyes and remember, I am glad, for, though 300 years is but little in man's count with God, it is much in his count with his fellow men, and though the years cannot smooth our differences, since they are the differences of truth and error, they should serve to smooth our feelings.

If you once seemed to bear malice against the Church and her priests, you can bear none now, and for long must have sorrowed that you ever bore it; and so John Donne—Poet and sometime Catholic—though I may not pray to you with certainty (as I should wish to do), as being now through His infinite mercy yourself a Saint of God (since I know not how you yet may stand with Him in the account), yet I may and do join you in my prayers when I pray for myself to the Saints I know, and to Her the Mother of God and of them all.—“Hail Mary full of grace—Holy Mary Mother of God, pray for John Donne and for me a sinner now and at the hour of my death. Amen.”

WILLIAM BLISS.



## THE ADVANCED GUARD OF ANGLICANISM

"*W*HITHER goest thou? Towards Rome." With this somewhat startling title is headed the first of a projected series of "Unity Tracts," edited by the Anglican Society of St. Thomas of Canterbury, a society which, founded, as we believe, by the Rev. Spencer Jones, has long and earnestly laboured to Catholicize the Establishment. The main object of the tract is to further what is called "Corporate Reunion," and so to stop, if possible, individual conversions to Catholicism. With this in view, the writer goes to extraordinary lengths in advocating the "Romanization" of Anglicanism.

More especially—[he writes (p. 22)]—it will become necessary openly to put aside everything originally emanating from State authority in England which conflicts with the practice of the Universal Church. Thus, the State Book of Common Prayer will need, not only to be "improved" in accordance with current "Anglo"-Catholic practice, but displaced, as opportunity offers, and the lawful Church rites and services substituted: a principle which holds good, not only with reference to the Mass, but for the administration of the Sacraments generally. Nor can we consistently attempt to retain peculiar practices of the post-Reformation Church, such as the use of the vernacular in the Mass, or Communion under both kinds, simply because their abolition will mean difficulty and conflict. . . . It is useless to obey Rome in small ceremonial details, while her commands in greater matters are ignored or evaded. A large and growing number of the younger clergy and of the present generation of ordinands have no other desire than to obey the Holy See in all these respects, and the laity are fast coming to appreciate the true position.

There is an obvious ambiguity in the last clause which makes it true in another sense than that intended by the writer. Sir Thomas Inskip, Sir Joynson-Hicks and Protestant stalwarts of their sort are indeed appreciating more

clearly the true position of the Anglican Romanizers, and may be expected to say plainly what they think of them. And the older clergy, especially those who will have the ordaining of "the present generation" of clerical aspirants, and whom the writer blandly rejects—the whole Bench of them—as teachers and guides<sup>1</sup>—they, too, will surely have something to say when they find their clergy thus interpreting their ordination promise "reverently to obey" their Bishops. Yet the tract does not stop there. It does not look, as so many "Anglo-Catholics" vainly do, for any withdrawal of Roman dogma or permanent relaxation of Roman discipline as a condition of union. It does not ask for the recognition of the Anglican Church as a "Uniat" body keeping its own liturgical language and customs. It speaks of being "absorbed into the Roman unity." "We must recognize the fact that we approach the Holy Father not as bargainers but as suppliants" (p. 23).

This clearly is an unwonted but very welcome note in this prolonged debate and one from which much might be expected. But alas! it is not consistently sustained. Submission, apparently, has its limits. On the question of Order the writer will not yield to any decision from Rome, however weighty or solemn. In this field private judgment finally and doggedly entrenches itself.

"It need scarcely be said that our belief in the validity of our Orders is firm and secure, a belief which, while based primarily on historical and theological grounds, is reinforced daily by our experience and by the perception in the faithful of the normal fruits of that sacramental grace which demands such validity as its efficient channel"<sup>2</sup> (p. 29). Thus this irreformable dogmatic decision of the Holy See,<sup>3</sup> confirmed by its constant practice, from the beginning to this day, of ordaining "absolutely" Anglican convert

<sup>1</sup> "The Bishops still, consciously or unconsciously, administer the State system, and are not likely to mediate and promulgate the commands of Rome, so that for practical guidance we have to look beyond them to the Holy Father and the Sacred Congregations" (p. 23).

<sup>2</sup> The author seems to be unaware that in this latter clause he is claiming the power to discern outwardly the *ex opere operato* effects of a Sacrament, a gift miraculously conferred on some of the Saints but otherwise utterly beyond natural perception.

<sup>3</sup> Described by Pope Leo XIII. himself as "fixed, firm and irrevocable," (Letter to Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, Nov. 5, 1896). The decision is a dogmatic one, defining what is, and what is not, a valid "form" for the Sacrament of Order. No well instructed Catholic could conceive of its ever being revised, either in itself or in its application. See "Anglican Orders Again," by the Rev. Sydney Smith, *THE MONTH*, April, 1917, p. 357.

clergymen desirous of becoming priests, and determining, both on historical and theological grounds, Anglican Orders to be invalid—a decision which we Catholics are bound to accept,—has little weight with these earnest men, who yet regard themselves as under the "Roman obedience" and wish to be thought full of loyalty and devotion to the Holy Father. They cling to the empty hope that the *Apostolicae Curæ* may one day be revoked and revised, relying for proof of their Orders on their own individual convictions and on those subjective spiritual experiences which, being common to devout people of every sect, indicate no more than that the percipient loves God and is in good faith. But even supposing the reversal of the decision regarding Anglican Orders they would be in no better case. As has been pointed out more than once in this periodical,<sup>1</sup> if a pronouncement against the validity of these Orders cannot be *de fide*, neither can a pronouncement in favour of it. Consequently, they must always remain doubtfully valid and incapable of being lawfully used. We note, moreover, that, in spite of the firmness and security of their belief in their Orders, these Anglicans are willing to be conditionally ordained (p. 24), a process to which no one validly ordained could submit, as that would be to try to repeat a Sacrament conferring "character." The further suggestion that Rome might confer ordination absolutely on Anglicans who would receive it conditionally, certainly shows a ready spirit of accommodation but little realization of the reverence due to so great a Sacrament.

The assumption which vitiates the whole argument of these well-meant proposals and suggestions, and renders their abundant good-will wholly ineffective, is that Anglicanism is in some real and canonical sense part of the Church of Christ, temporarily and unfortunately separated, by State interference, from the parent See of Rome and from the main bulk of Catholic Christendom. The very opening sentence of this "Unity Tract" betrays this misconception (p. 5).

In modern thought and language (we read) we have drifted into the absurd position of what may be called the "Two Churches" theory, in which the existence and separation of two self-contained bodies or "Churches"

(1) Roman, (2) Anglican, is treated as axiomatic. Thus,

<sup>1</sup> See, especially, "Supposing Rome *did* declare Anglican Orders Valid" (Dec. 1925), and "Doubt, not Faith, the natural atmosphere of Anglicanism" (Jan. 1927).

Anglicans are all too prone to speak of "Our Church" in contradistinction to the Holy Roman Church, while normally-situated Roman Catholics regard the Church of England as a separate body in all spiritual matters.

Assuming that the tract is addressed to both parties, the "we" who are said to have "drifted" can only refer to the Anglicans, for no Roman Catholic, whether or not "normally situated," regards Anglicanism as a Church at all in the proper sense of the word. For us there is no Christian Church which is not the Church of Christ, and the Church of Christ is that alone which is founded on St. Peter and is in communion with him through his successors. A general recognition of this fundamental fact would prevent much waste of time. The tract is at much pains to point out how intimate and close was the bond between the Church in England and Rome before the Reformation. It rightly discredits and disowns "*tendenzschrift* studies, designed to uphold theories of a nominal headship and an isolated ecclesiastical nationalism" (p. 6). Whatever reclamations there were against Papal exactions in Catholic times always concerned temporalities, and did not touch Rome's spiritual rule. All this is familiar to the Catholic, but it is refreshing to have it so fully acknowledged by those who must have been brought up, as so many still are, on those "*tendenzschrift* studies." It is only when we come to Reformation times that we must needs disagree completely and fundamentally with the argument of the tract.

That argument, briefly, is that the Catholic Church in England at the Reformation came under the usurped control of the State, which forced upon it new and heretical doctrines and practices, without destroying its essentially Catholic character and its status as a Church. It was forcibly detached from the Holy See, compelled by force to adopt new formularies contradicting the old, kept by force under the headship of the State, yet it never as a Church formally apostatized, and cannot be held responsible for the false position into which it was forced by the civil power. We may illustrate, and incidentally refute, the argument from a modern instance. Supposing, as a result of the Mexican persecution, all the property of the Church there was handed over by the State to "ecclesiastics" of its own creation, some, perhaps, apostate priests and bishops, but the most of them

officials appointed by maimed and inadequate rites, would the Mexican Church so constituted, and, furthermore, provided with heretical formularies of belief and with rites framed to contradict Catholic doctrines, be rightly considered as the old Church "brought into bondage to the State" (p. 8)? Or would not continuity with the pre-Calles organism rather lie with the deposed and exiled bishops and priests and those members of their flocks who, rather than follow the State-imposed religion, preferred the sacrifice of goods, citizenship and even life? The answer to that hypothetical query is obvious and has a direct application here. The Catholic Church in England under Elizabeth was treated exactly as Calles would like (as we have interpreted his aim) to treat the Catholic Church in Mexico to-day. It will hardly be believed that, in the tract before us, the action, nay, even the very existence, of those Catholics who did not conform to Elizabeth's new religion, is altogether ignored. It is this studious refusal to consider essential facts that makes it difficult to accept the sincerity of its author or of those who send it forth as a sort of eirenicon. The whole Bench of Marian Bishops (except one poor weakling, Kitchen of Llandaff), the vast majority of the clergy, large numbers of the laity suffered deprivation of office, imprisonment, loss of goods and citizenship, even torture and death, rather than leave the faith of their fathers or reject their allegiance to Rome. They remained Catholics, whilst those who accepted, whether reluctantly or not, the State-imposed religion, and so retained the material possessions of the Church and the favour of the Government, became heretics and apostates. If these latter are to be reckoned the true descendants of the pre-Reformation Church, in what class are we to place those brave confessors and martyrs who clung tenaciously to the whole faith, maintained their union with the Apostolic See unbroken, and kept Catholicity alive in England through centuries of bitter persecution? The question need only be asked to refute the monstrous pretensions put forth by those who to-day represent the Elizabethan persecutors, that a Church can somehow exist apart from its members, and remain for hundreds of years in a state of suspended animation until its members of later date return gradually to the faith and bring it to life again! There were no Catholics—how could there be?—in Elizabeth's State-Church. From the Archbishop of Canterbury to the humblest parish-beadle,

from the renegade Queen herself to the lowest of her subjects that frequented the new services, all belonged to one or other of the heretical sects, Anglicanism included, to which the Reformation had given rise. How then could a non-Catholic institution, professing heretical tenets which, though imposed by the civil power were, after all, the work of apostate clerics, retain or transmit the Catholic religion? To what obliquity of mind, to what perversion of logic, to what abysmal ignorance of facts are we then to attribute what has been well called the "myth" of Anglican continuity? Tyburn and the Tower, and a dozen other shrines consecrated by the blood of the martyrs to the Catholic faith, bear witness also to the fact that, despite the Elizabethan destruction of the canonically-constituted Catholic Church in this land, it survived in that faithful remnant of Recusants and their pastors who, though deprived of a hierarchy and under the direct rule of the universal Bishop in Rome, maintained at such cost to themselves the knowledge and practice of the faith in England, against the day when the Church should resume her normal organization. Those for whom this tract speaks are full of professions of loyalty to the Holy See—why have they no word in praise of those of their countrymen who carried that loyalty to the highest pitch in a day when loyalty meant more than lip-service? Why? except that a recognition of the English martyrs and confessors, and what they stood for, would expose the utter emptiness of their own contention. With the living, active, suffering, English Catholic Church continuing to exist by its side, the Elizabethan Establishment, which had usurped its rival's material goods, never possessed the essential notes of the Christian Church, and has never acquired them since.

If, then, Anglicanism has not the status of a Church, but is only a man-made organization, fitted like a hermit-crab into the empty shell from which the true Church was extruded, this vital flaw in the fundamental assumption of the tract, makes much of the rest of it mere special pleading. The alleged instances of "corporate reunion" with Eastern bodies are not in any case amalgamation with "Churches," but with large groups whose membership of some schismatic Church gives a guarantee, up to a point, of Catholic orthodoxy, and who in all cases have had to recognize, before admission to Catholic unity, that their schism formed no part of the Church of Christ.



There is no parallel between the reconciliation of schismatics, whose faith is the same as that of Catholicism, with the Catholic Church, and the reconciliation of bodies which have no ecclesiastical status and which are known to be infected with various forms of heresy. Anglicanism, on this account, is no more capable of being corporally united with the Church than is any branch of Nonconformity.

The tract makes much of the prayers for unity in the liturgy, and of the desires for unity expressed by several Popes in relation to schismatics, implying that the note of unity can be possessed in a greater or less degree. But, as the Church can never lose an essential characteristic, conferred on her by Christ and possessed in its essence while she was still in the Cenacle, these prayers must be understood as petitions merely for the maintenance of unity: they are prayers against schism. And in any case they may often refer to unity of will, or peace, rather than to unity of mind. Vivid metaphors like "breaking Peter's net" or "rending the robe of Christ" cannot be pressed as implying ignorance on the part of those who used them of the essential indefectibility of the Church, a dogma involved in Christ's original promise to Peter.

The tract refers summarily to various projects of "reunion" which have sprung up in the Establishment and found support outside. There can be no doubt that many in each generation of Anglicanism have grown progressively ashamed of the Reformation. A better understanding of tradition, a fairer interpretation of history, a deeper study of the Scriptures and the Fathers, above all, the woeful spectacle of the disintegrating effects of private judgment applied to religion, have led many thoughtful Anglicans to try to recover some part of the spiritual benefits jettisoned at the Reformation to their terrible loss. The spread of Catholic belief amongst the good and educated is a natural testimony to the reasonableness and historical strength of the Faith. And it has had the happy effect, by God's grace, in many cases of leading those disinherited ones to seek the truth where it has always been faithfully preserved, in the Catholic Church of their ancestors, still continuing in their midst, in spite of past efforts of the Anglican Establishment to destroy it. The revival of the spirit of Catholicism in the State Church has naturally resulted in an increase of conversions to the Faith, till latterly an effort has been made.



embodied in the tract under discussion, to persuade doubters to stay where they are, in the confident expectation that presently the Bark of Peter would take them in tow, as an integral part of its own equipment, and that therefore they need not quit their present quarters for others less familiar. This persistent effort may account for what the author styles "the modern attitude of many Roman Catholics in England who deny the possibility or legitimacy of the ideal [of 'corporate reunion'] in the specific case of the Church of England" (p. 16). It is modern, because before the middle of last century and the rise of the Oxford Movement, the idea of "corporate reunion" had never been dreamt of by the average Catholic or Protestant. But, as soon as its true nature became evident, it was immediately and emphatically condemned by the Holy See. The tract quotes some very general and guarded expressions of Cardinal Wiseman in favourable reference to the subject, but does not quote the strong and explicit condemnation of the "Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom," by the Holy See in 1864, on the precise ground that the Promoters were constructively denying the Unity and Unicity of the Church which Christ established under the rule of St. Peter. Such a declaration of the mind of the Church shows how misleading is the deduction (made on p. 17), that Rome did not regard Elizabeth's Church as apostate, a deduction from the fact that she did not immediately nominate bishops to the vacant dioceses, and that, when she did re-establish the hierarchy, she chose other than the historic Sees for the new Bishops. It would surely be futile to appoint a hierarchy for a Church like the English Catholic Church under Elizabeth, despoiled, disorganized, persecuted and proscribed; and the desire not to arouse unnecessary opposition nor to cause unnecessary confusion furnishes ample reason for the choice of new Sees in 1850.<sup>1</sup>

The author flatters himself (p. 17) that he has made the case for "Corporate Reunion" plausible. Far from it; it remains where it always was, possible only in the sense that all things are possible with an Omnipotent God. God could bring all the members of the Anglican Church, clerical and lay, to a full knowledge, desire, and acceptance of the Catholic faith as taught by Rome. God could move the

<sup>1</sup> To say nothing of the fact that by Article xxiv of the Emancipation Act of 1829 to assume a title of any Anglican See was punishable by a fine of £100.

hearts of a majority in Parliament to pass the necessary laws to deprive the monarch of his legal headship of Anglicanism and set it free from all State control. God could prevent any interference with this union on the part of the vast majority of English folk who are not Anglicans. All this Almighty God could do by way of preparing the Anglican body for union with Rome. But, having regard to His ordinary Providence, He is not likely so to exert His omnipotence. Those who urge others to remain in an heretical communion, deprived of the untold graces of the sacraments and in jeopardy of their salvation, until such a stupendous series of moral miracles should be accomplished are assuming a terrible responsibility. They acknowledge that Rome has the true faith and all the means of grace, yet they deprecate individuals embracing that faith and securing those graces. Like the Pharisees of old, as far as the result is concerned, they neither enter the Kingdom of God themselves nor suffer others to enter. They are doing, with the best of intentions, the devil's work.

When he comes to consider the practical measures to be taken in order to bring about "corporate reunion," it is clear that the author of the tract is not blind to its moral impossibility. He owns that the Church of England is chaotic in its belief. "Corporate Reunion, then, in its primary and most obvious sense, can be hoped for only by those who regard as probable in the near future the acceptance by the whole Church of England of Roman dogma" (p. 21). And he proceeds, with a *meiosis* delightful in its caution, "In view of the present increased tendencies towards further dogmatic separation between the various groups in the Church of England, he would be bold who should entertain such a probability." As bold, indeed, not to say as foolish, as if he thought that those proceeding outwards along the various radii of a circle might ultimately meet. And so he practically despairs of a "reunion of churches," and limits his hopes to "the absorption into the Roman unity of that group in the Church of England which already holds, or tends to hold, the dogmatic teaching of Rome, and which, as I have tried to explain, is alone representative of the historical position of the English Church" (p. 21). If he had also tried to explain how it is that he and his friends, the soi-disant Catholic heirs of the pre-Reformation Church, remain in conscious and constant communion with those of

their fellow-churchmen who abhor and reject "the dogmatic teaching of Rome," and are, therefore, manifest heretics, we might better understand the moral and intellectual position of that exiguous group that seeks to be absorbed "into the Roman unity." They have only one or two Bishops who are of their party, out of the whole thirty-nine, yet they willingly condone the misbelief of the rest: with all of them they are in full communion: their spokesmen do not deny the right of various heretical "schools of thought" to form part of the comprehensive Church of England. Early in 1925 the Secretary of the "Anglo-Catholic" Congress wrote, apropos of these divergencies between "Catholic" and Evangelical, High, Low, and Broad,—*"Here is the marvel; we have not broken away from each other, and we do not wish to and do not intend to."*<sup>1</sup> A marvel, indeed, to those who know what faith is and what heresy is, and how the Catholic Church has ever regarded the latter.

Even with regard to his "group" the author is not too hopeful. "We cannot deny that much remains to be done in this direction [the securing that "our dogmatic teaching and practice shall be identical with that of Rome"] if a common consciousness and a common ideal of this nature is to mark the group" (p. 22). We, for our part, have never denied the possibility of a smaller or larger body of people arriving, by dint of study and by the help of grace, at the conviction that Rome is right, and applying in concert for admission, but even in that case, each before reception would have to give proof of the rectitude of his belief and of his motives. Several times in recent years large numbers of Anglican congregations have followed this or that converted pastor into the Church. The more of such group conversions, we hold, the better, provided the neophytes know what they are about. But we fail to see any essential difference between such concerted action and individual receptions. There is no question, even in the case contemplated by the tract, of one Church joining another. However large a body of "Anglo-Catholics" sought admission into the Church, they could enter merely as members of a group, not as a Church or a section of a Church, and, to start with, they would have to repudiate Anglicanism. You can't attain identity of belief with Rome without accepting her teaching that Anglicanism has not the status of a Church. And, if

<sup>1</sup> *Church Times*, Feb. 6, 1925.

so, why should the individual who has received the grace of conversion delay in following God's call? His example, especially, as so often happens, when his conversion means a sacrifice, would do far more to procure the same grace for others than if he remained outside the fold till he found a number of others to join him. His first duty is to the soul which God has given him to save. To postpone, for however laudatory a motive, acceptance of the means of salvation appointed by God is to do evil, and evil may not be done even to promote good. And, after all, what loyalty can be asked of a man towards an institution which cannot teach him God's revelation and which has camouflaged its inability under the boast of comprehensiveness? The writer of the tract and his fellows openly acknowledge that they go to Rome—to the Pope and the Roman Congregations—for their knowledge of the truth. How then can they dare to prevent others doing the same in a more thorough and sincere fashion?

Yet it is on that note that the tract ends. The believer is to hold back until, in part or as a whole, the Anglican Establishment submits to Rome. Was there ever a plain duty more lightly brushed aside—and for what? A visionary prospect born of a wholly false estimate of England's religious past and present. May the Holy Spirit add to the good-will He has already aroused in the hearts of these zealous inquirers light enough to dissipate their prejudices and lead them, like Newman, *ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem*.

JOSEPH KEATING.

# MISCELLANEA

## I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

HENRI BREMOND DE L'ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE

TO some Englishmen the name of Henri Bremond will be familiar. But here, where the insularity born of the breach with Christian tradition at the Reformation still persists, we need not wonder that the successor of Mgr. Duchesne at the French Academy is not more widely known amongst us. Why, even a French professional historian, M. Aulard, writing in *Le Quotidien*<sup>1</sup> immediately after the reception of the new academician, would have us believe that he himself had been hitherto ignorant of M. Bremond and his work. However, the French press shows signs of becoming more appreciative, and in such an unexpected quarter as the columns of *Comœdia* appeared quite recently a cordial and sympathetic review of "le Charme d'Athènes," a book of essays in which the three gifted brothers, Henri, André, and Jean Bremond have collaborated.<sup>2</sup>

The masterpiece which, it is generally admitted, won for M. Bremond his seat in the Academy, has already been welcomed in England by competent and scholarly critics, Protestant as well as Catholic. Writing in the *Journal of Theological Studies* in the autumn of 1921, and again in the winter of 1924, Dr. H.F. Stewart, of Cambridge, theologian and French scholar, says of "l'Histoire du Sentiment religieux en France,"—"it is a pleasure to commend the work to theologians, historians, psychologists, and lovers of French literature . . . there is not a dull or uninteresting page in the two thousand pages that have already been printed." In the small circle of English folk acquainted with Bremond's *magnum opus* there are probably some who have lingering misgivings concerning the writer and his subject. Over-cautiousness and imperfect information account well enough for this unfortunate attitude of mind towards the author. Yet the orthodoxy of this work, "l'Histoire du Sentiment religieux," is vouched for by not a few censors—Jesuit<sup>3</sup> and others—whose qualifications may set all nervous apprehensions at rest.

The "History of Religious Experience in France from the end of the Wars of Religion until the present day" is con-

<sup>1</sup> Quoted in the *Etudes* of 1923 (No. 175).

<sup>2</sup> The titles of some of the essays are "La Religion de Pindare," "La Légende de Shakespeare,"—an extraordinarily understanding essay—"Westminster," "Un Socrate chrétien: le Dr. Johnson."

<sup>3</sup> For instance, by F. Cavallera, S.J., professor of theology, author, and joint editor of "Lettres du P. Surin" (reviewed in *THE MONTH*, May, 1926 p.480).

ceived on a grand scale. "La première série," embracing two centuries, is planned to occupy ten volumes, of which six have already appeared. The first volume, entitled "l'Humanisme dévot," deals with St. Francis of Sales, and his contemporaries. A second volume, "l'Invasion mystique," covers the years 1590—1640, while the four volumes remaining develop the various schools of "la Conquête mystique." And here it is that some of the Abbé Bremond's most useful and original work appears, corrective of the impression which exists<sup>1</sup> that the only fervent elements in the religious life of 17th century France were either Jansenist or Huguenot. The third volume of the series, for instance, having as its sub-title, "l'Ecole française," deals with various great and holy Catholics,—M. de Bérulle, P. de Condren, M. Olier—who represent the strong spiritual life of France during the first part of the "grand siècle." This volume has destroyed the assumption that there existed between the orthodox asceticism of St. Francis of Sales (d. 1622) and the Jansenist rigorism of Port-Royal a period of milder morals and "cautious" Christianity.

Port-Royal is a centre of great interest in French life and letters during the reign of Louis XIV. Until recent years the only original work of critical and literary value dealing with Jansenism was Sainte-Beuve's "Port-Royal," and this because of its errors is on the Index. Yet to the founder of modern criticism M. Bremond pays a generous meed of praise:

Ses contemporains ne soupçonnaient pas que ce qu'il y a de plus intime dans la vie chrétienne pût être un sujet d'étude. Saint-Beuve, en leur racontant M. Hamon, M. Saci, M. Dugnet, faisait preuve d'une véritable hardiesse. Il ouvrait la voie. Si aujourd'hui la psychologie religieuse a le droit de se montrer moins timide, c'est à lui, plus qu'à tout autre Français peut-être, que nous le devons."<sup>2</sup>

With the clear-eyed vision of a Sainte-Beuve, but from a surer, broader standpoint, "ce peintre d'âmes, ce Sainte-Beuve chrétien" sets out his long pondered readjustment of values, his re-reading of history. "Taking Jansenism purely as a religious movement," we read in the preface just quoted, "and speaking only of the first generation, it has neither the importance nor the originality that is generally attributed to it."

Saint-Cyran n'est en somme qu'un Bérulle malade et un peu brouillon; la mère Agnès aurait fait une excellente visitandine, Tillemont un bénédictin. Pris en bloc, non seule-

<sup>1</sup> For example, in G. Lanson's "Histoire de la littérature française," where there is a disproportionate stressing of Jansenism, in spite of careful effort after impartial treatment.

<sup>2</sup> Preface to Volume IV.



ment ils ne dépassent pas les autres groupements contemporains, l'école française, l'école du P. Lallemand, l'école franciscaine et le petit monde qui gravite autour de Jean de Bernières, mais encore ils n'apportent rien de nouveau.

Passing from the preface to the body of the book we come upon interesting new outlooks suggested by a fresh assessment of old facts. We are reminded that under the great Arnaud's influence Port-Royal turned at a second period from a cultivation of the spiritual life to the polemics which ruined it. The analysis of Saint-Cyran puts this strange personality in a new light. No mean aim in the pursuit of perfection, elements of real greatness of character were joined with a confused mind and deeply-rooted defects of temperament which produced at times a loss of mental balance. With one main object of the Catholic Counter-Reform—the defence and consolidation of episcopal authority—Saint-Cyran and his fellow-conspirators were in active sympathy. But this praiseworthy attitude pushed to an aggressive extreme led to violent attacks on the Society of Jesus, the champion of the Papacy and of orthodoxy. In an evil hour Saint-Cyran espoused the cause of Jansenism, whose "Augustinus" had distorted in support of heresy the writings of the great African doctor, and found in that campaign another reason for hostility against the Jesuits.

No student of Pascal can ignore, and no one who has opened the *Pensées* or the Provincial Letters will care to leave unread the hundred pages of Bremond's fourth volume which puts another complexion on the only life of Pascal which really mattered, herein presented with a masterly hand. The last two published volumes deal with the mystical tradition in the Society of Jesus, and with Jean de Bernières and his group, respectively. In the former volume great names jostle each other, Père Lallemand, Père Surin, Père Rigoleuc. There too is told again the strange story of the London exorcisms.<sup>1</sup>

We need not stay even to enumerate M. Bremond's lesser works, but English readers should know of his studies of the life and works of Newman, even though they may not find his estimate of the Cardinal completely acceptable.

A heavy, involved, dogmatic, or pretentious style will seriously prejudice the presentation of the most original of ideas and the most conscientious of research work. That obstacle does not exist for M. Bremond, whose style is always limpid and free from artifice. More than one critic has noted his close acquaintance with English thought and letters. Newman and Wesley, George

<sup>1</sup> Cf. "Supposed Cases of Diabolical Possession," by J. H. Pollen, S.J., *THE MONTH*, May, 1911, p. 449.



Herbert and Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Browning and Traherne all figure in his pages. Allusion, reflection, clarity, humour, carefully qualified statement, all contribute to the harmony of his utterance, which must impress everyone who makes a first-hand acquaintance with his work. By way of giving the reader, who has enough knowledge of French prose to appreciate form as well as meaning, an opportunity of judging for himself, we may end with a few quotations. Speaking of the perennial quarrel between the Romantic and the Classic he says:

Cette vieille querelle! On se rappelle peut-être qu'un maladroit de mes amis vient de la réveiller, ayant eu, l'hiver dernier, la fantaisie plus saugrenue que perverse d'intituler "Pour le Romantisme" un recueil de mornes articles. Mal lui en a pris d'ailleurs. Houspillé de droite et de gauche, accusé de modernisme par un chanoine flamand et de cléricisme par M. Paul Souday, je doute fort qu'il ose de longtemps sortir de son trou. On s'est accordé à reconnaître qu'il manquait de philosophie. Il m'a promis de s'y mettre malgré son grand âge, et je lui ai prêté, bien que très fatiguée par un long usage, ma Somme de Saint Thomas, et les écrits du subtil Ghéon, le dernier des pères. . . Définissons! définissons! et la définition, vainement cherchée depuis Gœthe, la voici enfin. . . .<sup>1</sup>

In his last published essay he deals again with a thought which he had already dwelt upon elsewhere,—that the inspiration of the poet belongs to the highest of those natural conditions in which, as a theologian of note<sup>2</sup> teaches, the vague outlines of the mystical states can be discerned. This then is the concluding thought of his essay.<sup>3</sup>

S'il en faut croire Walter Pater "tous les arts aspire-raient à rejoindre la musique." Non, ils aspirent tous, mais chacun par les magiques intermédiaires, qui lui sont propres,—les mots; les notes; les couleurs; les lignes;—ils aspirent tous à rejoindre la prière.

R.C.G.

<sup>1</sup> Les deux musiques de la prose, p. 107. Paris, 1924.

<sup>2</sup> R.P. de Grandmaison. One might recall in this connection Père Gabriel Picard's suggestive and closely reasoned book, "La connaissance immédiate de Dieu," recently published in the "Spes" editions.

<sup>3</sup> "La Poésie pure," delivered as an address on 25 October, 1925, to the five academies which form the Institut de France and of which the Académie française is the most popularly known.

## A MONTENEGRIN LOURDES.

THE July sun blazed down on Cetinje, the little village capital of Montenegro, as we bade a friendly farewell to our armed escort (for brigandage is still a more or less flourishing profession), and set out to look for a night's lodging. The proprietress of the Inn where we had stopped on a previous occasion threw up her hands in deprecatory amazement at such a request.

"A room?" she echoed. "For to-night? But don't you know that to-morrow is Petrov-dan?"

We had indeed duly noted that fact flaming out in scarlet painted letters across the roads, but it had conveyed no meaning to our minds.

"To think of expecting a room the day before Petrov-dan!" she ejaculated again, scorn, tinged with pity in her still lovely eyes. For she was old as age goes among Montenegrin women.

"We must sleep out then," I suggested doubtfully, for though more than once we had been contented enough with a starry roof, yet nights on Bosnian plains, or by the Adriatic shores, are very different to nights on the mountain heights of Montenegro. But even this last resource was promptly quashed.

"You won't find a spare corner to do that anywhere in Cetinje to-night," we were assured. "Why, *everyone* comes for Petrov-dan?"

"What *is* Petrov-dan?" I enquired, and it is to be feared that English prestige, so potent in Yugoslavia, suffered a sudden eclipse at this display of almost unbelievable ignorance.

"You don't know about Petrov-dan? Why, of course, it is Peter, our Bishop-King, whose shrine is in the chapel yonder. Surely you have seen *that*? He is the Saint of Montenegro, and his flesh never dies. To-morrow the tomb will be opened, that the sick may kiss his face and be healed."

"Is the body embalmed?" put in my Protestant friend, and was met with a withering denial.

"What need has he of such things? His flesh is incorruptible because he was a saint. He is in the Calendar, for people have proved his power, and the Church has acknowledged his claim."

This was decidedly interesting information, and we determined to visit the shrine in the early morning, before the "poshta" took us on our way. But the immediate prospect was not very cheerful, because, in Montenegro, when you are *in* a place, you *are* in, "well in," as the Mad Hatter observed. From Cetinje your only choice lies between a 40-mile tramp down a precipice-bordered road to Kotor, or a 30-mile ditto in the other direction to Rijeka, with absolutely nowhere to put up on the way. So it ended in our kindly hostess volunteering to slip a bed into the restaurant room late at night.

Till that time we wandered round and watched Montenegro *en fête*, and a wonderful sight it was. For of all the many beautiful national costumes of Jugoslavia, that of the Montenegrins is perhaps the most beautiful and the most artistically satisfying, just as the men and the women who wear it are, for the most part, beauty and grace personified.

With the quiet moon above and the gleaming lights below, they eat and drank, and danced and sang beneath the shadowing trees, swaying by in all the colours of the rainbow, in their own inimitable national dances, to their own weird and haunting music. Yet withal, it was strangely reticent and dignified rejoicing, innocent of all excess, for though wine and talk flowed freely, there was neither ribaldry nor drunkenness. The latter is indeed, in Montenegrin eyes, the unforgivable sin, and, as in all primitive communities, any disgrace incurred by one member of a family is necessarily shared by all. Hence, at the first sign of any overstepping of the boundary, the culprit is seized upon by his family, hustled away, and securely locked up. And the aftermath is not, one imagines, pleasant for him.

But the moon saw other things than merriment, for within sound of it, in the houses and along the roads, lay the lame and the halt, the sick and the suffering, who, although they could not take an active part in it, yet were buoyed up by hope as they waited for sunrise, and the magic touch of a dead hand that should bring healing in its train.

Early in the morning we wended our way towards the Greek monastery, along paths crowded with these derelicts, begging alms from the passers-by to aid them on their return journey. For many had come long and weary distances, in a mountainous country, destitute of railways. And many, maybe, would never return, for there were faces among them on which Death had laid his seal clear for all to read.

The monastery itself, the first building put up in Cetinje, is mostly in ruins, but the cloisters in which lie buried the kings and bishops, abbots and monks, and the chapel itself, are still intact. The latter is very small, and was already full to overflowing, while outside crowds patiently awaited their turn for entry. But at the whispered information that we had to catch the "poshta," way was made for us. At the right of the ikons before the High Altar, the lid of the shrine, lined in silver-studded blue velvet, had been opened, and we watched the long procession of petitioners move slowly towards it, one by one, doing homage, while the priests chanted unceasingly—in Serbian. For Serbia is the only country in Europe where Mass and all other Divine Offices are said in the national tongue.

Each suppliant lifted and kissed a Crucifix lying across the feet of the saint, then a second, resting on his hands, and finally,

after reverently crossing themselves, stooped to kiss his face. Many prostrations followed, first to rest the lips on the hallowed ground on which the tomb stood, then upon each of the three lower ikons veiling the High Altar and the chanting priests. And so out from the cool darkness of the little four-square chapel to the light and warmth of a summer's day.

As our escort was due to leave in a few minutes we only had time for a glance over many shoulders into the tomb itself. The saint lay wrapped about in his Pontifical robes of scarlet and gold, but only the vague outline of the veiled face was visible.

It was impossible to collect genuine evidence of cures, for the dreamy Slav soul shrinks instinctively from Western objectivity. One imagines that to the Montenegrin the Medical Council at Lourdes would seem little short of sacrilegious.

"Cures?" they told us, "of course there are cures—hundreds of cures. Is our Bishop-King not a saint? Did he not love his country and his countrymen, and help and pity them in life? Shall he not now love and help and pity them the more since now his power is greater?"

One thing is certain: whether his flesh "lives" or no, in the heart of his people the memory of this Bishop-Saint-Soldier-King lies enshrined for all time.

N. ALEXANDER.

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#### HOW THE YEAR 1926 CLOSED IN ROME.

**G**REAT were the celebrations in Rome, and cosmopolitan the crowd that gathered to witness them, in honour of the bicentenary of the canonization of the boy-saints, Aloysius and Stanislaus. On Monday, December 27th, the Relic of St. Aloysius, the skull enclosed in a massive but very beautiful reliquary, was brought to Rome by special train under the special escort of the Bishop Auxiliary of Mantua, Father Folli, S.J., and the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre. Despite cold and snow, a great reception was accorded at Bologna at 10.30 p.m. Arrived in Rome, it was solemnly received by the Majordomo of His Holiness and the Vicegerent of Rome, and conveyed, first to the Massimo College of the Society near the railway station, and thence, in a procession of 300 cars, to S. Ignacio, which contains the shrine of the Saint.

On Wednesday, December 29th, the Solemn Triduum began. By 10 a.m. the great church was filled with boys and devotees of the Saint, while in front was a noble corona of the Sacred College, Bishops and members of the Diplomatic Corps. The motive of the ceremony was the protestation of homage of the youth of the Catholic world, voiced in the vernacular by delegates from every

land. America, Austria, Walloon and Flemish Belgium, each had its representative. Mexico received a worthy and great ovation; and in all twenty-six boy speakers in almost as many languages, in brief, simple, and manly words, gave utterance to the universal sentiment. Interspersed with these tributes were motettes from Palestrina, rendered by Mons. Casimiri's Roman Choir, who performed all the musical pieces throughout the Triduum.

Next morning 3,000 boys foregathered outside the Bronze Doors of the Vatican to attend the Holy Father's Private Mass. The Hall chosen for the purpose was that of the Beatifications, over the great portico of St. Peter's, with its windows looking into both Nave and Piazza, whence of late years Papal Benediction has been given to the assembled faithful. The Mass was simple, devout, inspiring, and the Pope loudly cheered by the boys as he entered and withdrew. That His Holiness was pleased with his reception was beyond all doubt, and he made no effort to conceal it, either on the present or on subsequent occasions.

It was a busy morning. At 10 a.m. the pilgrims flocked to S. Ignacio for Pontifical High Mass, sung by the Cardinal Vicar of Rome, who was in charge of the arrangements covering the whole period of the boys' sojourn in the Holy City. By an admirable system of distribution, all the national and international Ecclesiastical Colleges contributed delegates at the several functions, the work, a very laborious one, of detailed preparation, lying with the Jesuit students of the Gregorian University.

Almost immediately after this function we were haled back across the Tiber for a Papal Audience which was to include 8,000 boys, for the schools of Rome were permitted to participate in this. It was not to the mass of boyhood in general to which the Pope's blessing was given, after a spoken word of welcome. The boys had come across the world to greet him, and he would meet that greeting hand to hand. From the Private Apartments where the Polish pilgrims were assembled, proudly conscious of their position as compatriots of Stanislaus, through the loggia and great halls adjoining, to the Sala Ducale and its neighbour the Sala Regia, long lines of boys were drawn up, eager to receive the personal blessing and the cordial smile of the Pontiff. He passed leisurely along the ranks, examined banners and emblems and asked questions about the origins of the various national groups. During this long sustained audience, the Holy Father was accompanied by the Father General of the Jesuits, and at each stage was met by a national representative, who was in a position to provide detailed information.

Then all assembled in—perhaps one might have said,—stampeded to the Hall of Benedictions where the address was

to be given. Speaking in Latin, Pope Pius hailed them all, "Salvete, flores": and, referring pointedly to the Mexican group, repeated, "Salvete, flores martyrum." Purity, watchfulness, prayer, these were the lessons he impressed upon his hearers, to whom he told again the story of Aloysius' sacrifice for the plague-stricken of Rome, and how that act of immolation was the crown of his young saintly life.

That same evening there was another great procession, this time to St. Peter's, conveying the Relic to the guardianship of the Canons, in view of the morrow's Pontifical Mass. Of that Mass on Friday, the last day of the year, we need not speak. The liturgy was that of the Kingship of Christ, with the added collect of St. Aloysius. No detail was omitted which could add to the solemnity; it closed with the veneration of the Relic by the Holy Father and the Plenary Indulgence granted to all participants; and the Pope's exit was accompanied with frantic cheering from the excited boys.

The closing scene of the Triduum was the fulfilment of an idea which had been uppermost in the minds of the organizers from the inception of the general design. This was the presentation to the Cardinal Vicar, in the name of the Pope, of the written testimony of the several national groups, protesting their loyalty to the Saint, and their adhesion to those principles which had raised him to sanctity. The Cardinal, seated before the Saint's altar, received the homage of the boys and the offering of the volumes which contained their attestation. These were afterwards placed upon the altar, where they remained during the celebration of many subsequent Masses.

It must be borne in mind that what Catholic youth has thus pledged itself to is not an isolated act but rather a programme of life; yet the unique privileges granted to these boys will be a reminder to them, their colleagues, and their directors of the watchful care and personal interest of their common Father. His valedictory address expressed the spirit of Isaac's parting benediction which was its text: "Behold the fragrance of my son, like that of the fertile field, which the Lord has made."

E.K.



## II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

**Unrest  
in  
China.**

Nations like individuals must pay the penalty of their misdeeds. In the case of the individual, who is immortal, retribution is generally reserved till the next life, but the nation, being a temporal entity, has to pay its debt in this world. It would seem that the Western Powers are now reaping the fruits of their past injustice towards China, when spurred by mutual commercial jealousy they vied with each other in seizing upon its eastern sea-board, and exacting concessions from that vast unorganized and helpless community, inconsistent with national sovereignty or self-respect. One need not appeal to Bolshevik incitement to account for the anti-foreign spirit in China today. No doubt the Bolsheviks have fanned and fostered whatever irritation exists, but there is enough in the past history of European mercantile dealings with China—we need only refer to the disgraceful Opium War of 1840-42—to make every self-respecting Chinaman resent the hold which many powerful nations have acquired upon his territory,<sup>1</sup> even though they may be behaving justly now, and even benefiting the cities wherein they have settled. Accordingly, we welcome both the spirit and substance of the Memorandum communicated by the British Government to the nine Washington Treaty Powers on December 16th, which is based upon a frank and full recognition of the national rights of China and a recommendation that, in accordance with the aims of the Washington Treaty (1921-22), all treaties and tariffs should be revised as soon as possible, so as to give due expression to those rights. The circumstances in which the Washington Treaty was framed having completely changed during the past five years, corresponding changes in the direction of fuller autonomy are declared necessary. The month which has elapsed since the issue of this Memorandum has not sufficed to secure the adherence of the other signatories of the Washington Pact. While Belgium emphatically endorses it, it is considered inopportune in France. The Japanese Prime Minister seems disposed to support it: the comments of Washington have not yet been published. This lack of unanimity reflects rather upon the mutual confidence of the signatory Powers than upon the wholly reasonable and just proposals of the Memorandum. The only right policy is the more or less gradual abrogation of those unilateral engagements which infringe Chinese sovereignty, and the wiping out of the last vestiges of "imperialism" in foreign dealings with that Republic. Meanwhile the British Government, as is its

<sup>1</sup> There were actually in 1922, 20 "Treaty Powers" having various "concessions" in China.



duty, is taking immediate steps to safe-guard the persons, property, and legal rights of its nationals, whilst representing to the *de facto* "Cantonese" Government at Hankow its readiness to negotiate new arrangements in harmony with China's legitimate national claims.

**Dangers  
to  
Christianity.**

The Catholic at this crisis is thinking not so much about the political and economic aspects of the Chinese trouble as about its possible effects upon religion. The old practice of identifying foreign Catholics with their nationality, for which certain Catholic missionaries may have given ground but which was greatly fostered by the establishment of missions belonging to purely national "Churches," is now finding vigorous expression in assaults by extremists on missions in the interior. The Catholic Church has most at stake, for her missions in China date from the sixteenth century and earlier, and her present membership there far exceeds that of all other religious bodies combined. Of recent years immense interest in the Chinese mission has been excited both in Ireland and in the United States, and from both sources a steady stream of zealous priests and Sisters has poured into the Republic. France, of course, takes the lead in this as in most missionary enterprises. The late dramatic action of the Holy Father in consecrating six of the native Chinese clergy as Bishops of Sees in their own land has further illustrated the desire of the Church for the complete evangelization of that great country. It may be that China can be converted to the Faith only by Chinese: anyhow, we anticipate, when order is again established there, that the Faith in China will make great strides. The latest statistics (1923) of the Chinese mission read as follows: Bishops 6, and over 50 Vicars-Apostolic. Priests 2,669, of whom 988 are natives. Lay Religious: Brothers 207, 93 being native; Nuns 3,268, of whom 2,281 are Chinese; Catechists 17,331 (native men and women). Seminaries (native): preparatory 73, with 2,389 students; large 39, with 633 students. The Catholic population numbers 2,252,000 odd, with over 55,000 catechumens. On the other hand the total population of the Republic proper, exclusive of Tibet, Mongolia and Turkestan, runs to about 414 millions, although some authorities put it at almost 100 millions less. In any case it will obviously be a long time before the Catholic Church can put before the whole Chinese race the Gospel message entrusted to her. Yet the true civilization of that people depends, not on their introduction to the material culture of the West, but on their adopting that ancient Eastern religion to which the West itself owes its civilization. And the foundations are well laid: we do not fear any serious injury to the Faith in China because of the anti-

foreign agitation. The clergy there are now sufficiently indigenuous to survive and develop, if the worst came to the worst, without outside help.

**The Chinese Character.**

Alarmists in Europe used to speak of the "Yellow Peril," a new invasion of Europe by swarming pagan hordes from the East trained and armed in European fashion, driven to migrate by their own over-population. Yet if we keep to facts, we shall find in history no less aggressive nation than the Chinese. They migrate it is true in search of work and wages, but having secured a modest competence they return home. There are about eight million of them scattered over the world, but always as peaceful workers; they do not seem to desire large fortunes or political power; at any rate, covetousness and the spirit of dominance are not characteristics of the race. They have their own vices, no doubt, but in their natural virtues of patience, temperance, thrift and honesty, Christianity has the most excellent material to work on. If politicians could be brought to recognize that only by fostering the true religion can they secure the reign of justice on earth, they would do their utmost to spread Christianity. All things would then be added to them. But the modern non-Catholic politician sees in the Church only a rival to the State, and is not disposed to increase her influence. As Father Faber says:<sup>1</sup>

The mere work of saving souls is not one in which the world can be expected to interest itself very warmly. Preparations for eternity are not complimentary to time: and to teach dislike of the world is hardly a title to its love.

And so we have eminent men like Lord Inchcape condemning the attempt to convert China to Christianity and attributing the present crisis there largely to "the missionary's attempt to break down her ancient faiths,"—a singular protest from one who owes his own Christianity to the fact that his remote ancestors' ancient faith was "broken down" by some zealous Catholic missionary. His criticism, reported in *The Times* for December 8th, illustrates the loose thinking of the man of the world who has no conception of the meaning of redemption and salvation. Happily, abundant testimony was forthcoming, from men of all creeds and a more thorough acquaintance with China than Lord Inchcape could boast, of the immense civilizing influence exercised by the foreign missionaries there, mistaken in methods and inadequate in religious equipment as the Catholic must hold some of them to be. Certainly it is not the foreign mercantile community, immersed in money-making, however energetic and efficient, that

<sup>1</sup> "The Blessed Sacrament."

is likely to impress the native with the superior virtues of Christianity. The missionary may realize the backwardness of the yellow race in many respects, but that moves his zeal and pity rather than his scorn. He sees souls to be saved in that teeming population rather than new markets and means of exploitation.

**More  
Nordicity.**

Much may be explained by environment, and few speakers are altogether immune from the temptation to flatter their audience. But there is little excuse for the unctuous self-righteousness that inspires the reported utterances of Mr. Bruce, the Australian Premier, at a reception of the English-speaking Union in New York on December 29th. After deploring the lowered morality of "certain European States" and asserting that "Continental Europe looks upon world affairs with a mentality quite different from that of Great Britain and America," the speaker went on—"In short, from the standpoint of our two nations, there are only two great moral forces in the world, America and the British Empire." And so the lesser breeds without the law must presumably embrace "Anglo-Saxon" ideals if they are ever to become real "moral forces." Apart from the gratuitous and uncalled-for insult to our former Allies, and to Spain, Holland, and other neutrals, words of this kind show a narrowness of vision which, in a man of the speaker's eminence, is something portentous. Has Mr. Bruce never heard of the Catholic Church? Does he not know that the nations, the British included, are now seeking economic and political salvation along the lines suggested by the head of that Church, Benedict XV., during the war? Cannot he see in the world-wide organization of the Church, knit together by moral and spiritual bonds, far more powerful and permanent than the self-interest and sentiment on which the Commonwealth rests, a potential instrument for peace which no mere identity of language can create? We suppose he cannot, for he seems to belong to that insular, self-sufficient type, for which history has no lessons. But all, not only Catholics, must deplore this "peace-maker," who begins by depreciating those whom he would conciliate, and is so unaware even of the political facts which are supposed to be within his province that he imagines the United States more desirous of peace than are the war-wrecked States of Europe. It must be sorrowfully confessed that Europe has had to struggle for the measure of international harmony so far acquired, without the active assistance of the great transatlantic community. That is the fact, whatever may be adduced in justification of it. Nor would the plan, suggested by Mr. Bruce, of enforcing peace by an English-speaking domination of the rest of the world, achieve its object, even

were the United States so far to lay aside its distrust of British imperialism as to combine for that end. Enforced peace can only be maintained by force.

**International  
Politics and  
Common Sense.**

But the English-speaking nations could do an immense service to peace in one obvious way. At present the Commonwealth and the States are building naval armaments against one another, not because either anticipates armed aggression from the other in any circumstances, but because they both wish to be independently secure against the other Naval Powers. It would seem a simple matter for the two English-speaking communities to make a naval agreement of mutual defence, as a result of which each could halve its present costly equipment with no loss of security. The redoubtable Mr. Hearst has actually proposed something of the kind, but more significant is the President's admitted reluctance "to engage in any attempt at competitive armaments" and his assertion that "no matter how much or how little some other country may be constrained to provide, we can well afford to set an example, not of being dictated to by others, but of adopting our own standards."<sup>1</sup> It is well known that President Coolidge is anxious for another Washington Conference to bring about a further limitation of naval armaments, and that he has delayed cruiser-building according to the 1924 programme, lest the atmosphere of this Conference should be prejudiced. But the forces against him, financial or "service," have proved too strong, and he has consented (January 6th) to the appropriation of monies for the purpose. We shall not, we fear, have to wait long before our own naval interests begin to clamour for further construction, so little influence on public affairs have reason, good-feeling and regard for the universal good, once international rivalry takes charge. However, there are those who think that the U.S. building programme is meant as a warning to the other Powers of what they will have to face unless they hasten the assembly of a new Naval Disarmament Conference. On the other hand, ideas which Europe is painfully discarding, especially the belief that security must depend on individual force, are still vigorous in the New World. Mr. Butler, the Chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee, actually went so far as to declare in the House of Representatives that since the spirit of "Washington" was dead "the race was on again," and it was high time that the United States should go ahead. We had thought mentality of that sort, though not extinct even in Europe, would have been ashamed to express itself so crudely. In all this unreason one may not unreasonably see the sinister influence

<sup>1</sup> Budget Message to Congress, Dec. 8, 1926.

of that chief obstacle to armament-reduction, the financial interests of private firms.

**German  
Disarmament  
futile.**

The Allied military supervision of Germany came to an end with the end of January. It has had the effect of saving that country considerable expenditure for several years, and perhaps that was its real object. The less the country spent on armies the greater would be its capacity to liquidate its debts. But we cannot conceive of any of the intelligent men who formed the supervisory commission, or of the statesmen who established it, thinking for a moment that such supervision could be really effective. For a State, or a combination of States, to keep another State of Germany's size and capacity permanently disarmed would require a permanent occupation of every town of importance, and such a minute and constant investigation as would be wholly impracticable. If permanent disarmament could have been attained by force, the victors would doubtless have been within their rights in so securing it. There is no security against your neighbour's aggression except his helplessness—or his good will. As the first condition is not feasible, let us hope the second will be tried. The supervision of Germany's armaments now passes to the League of Nations, of which Germany is a full member. Of course it will be merely nominal, only exercised when the League is appealed to by some interested party, and only in so far as Germany is willing to allow it. In other words the policy initiated at Locarno must henceforth be thorough: conciliation and coercion cannot mix. There is no practical hindrance henceforward to Germany's gradually increasing her war strength except that general process of disarmament which the statesmen have initiated but which they will pursue with reluctance and drop with eagerness unless their various peoples insist on their putting it through, despite the clamours, or rather the secret protests, of vested interests.

**A Crisis  
for  
Peace.**

Now, as never before, do the peace of the world and the survival of civilization depend on the decision Germany is encouraged to take by the attitude and action of her former foes. Distrust and suspicion on one side beget the like on the other. To dispel the ignorance, born of years of ostracism from the common councils of Europe, to free the popular German mind from its ingrained mistrust of the Allies' motives, to support the peaceful anti-militarist section of the inhabitants against those who are working for the destruction of the democracy and a war of revenge, the other members of the League Council will need to multiply proofs of their honest and peaceful intentions. Each

country is cursed by an irresponsible belligerent press which cannot be effectively muzzled, and, therefore, from the passions and prejudices of which its statesmen should constantly dissociate themselves, fearless of consequences. A risk was taken at Locarno when the policy of reconciliation was definitely inaugurated. Ever since, the jingo press of each nation has striven to defeat that policy. Doubly welcome, therefore, was the weighty support given to it by the Papal Nuncios, both at Berlin and Paris, at the New Year's receptions, for their utterances showed that exaggerated nationalism is alien to the spirit of Christianity and should be repudiated by all loyal Catholics. It must have been disconcerting for the various fire-eaters of the French press to hear France praised for her successful efforts "for the pacification of the peoples," and to have the speech which M. Briand delivered on the occasion of Germany's entry into the League selected for detailed and special eulogy by the representative of the Holy See. The Nuncio said expressly that he spoke in the name of him "who has never ceased to call for moral disarmament, with fatherly tenderness, in the name of the Prince of Peace," and his words, therefore, should have a world-wide echo amongst the children of the Church.

**The "Action Française" in revolt.**

That palmary instance of nationalism gone wild and patriotism perverted—the body called the *Action Française*—is running its foreseen course. From rejection of Catholic dogma to open defiance of the Holy See, teaching and ruling, is a step readily taken when political passions are aroused, and that step the directors of the organization and of its paper have not scrupled to take. Into the whirlpool of explanations, denials, recriminations, which the affair has caused, the foreign Catholic has no right and no desire to enter. It is enough for him that, speaking magisterially after more than a decade of consideration, the supreme moral authority has condemned certain writings of M. C. Maurras and especially the paper the *Action Française* as dangerous to faith and morals. This decree of the Holy Office is dated January 29, 1914, and December 29, 1926, the latter date being five days later than the publication of an insolent leader in the periodical, entitled *Non Possumus*, refusing obedience to the directions embodied in the Consistorial Address of His Holiness on December 20th. One sentence from this article, meant to excuse the unclean novels of M. Daudet, sufficiently indicates the captious and disingenuous spirit of the whole—"Ses peintures les plus libres ne dépassent pas la moyenne de celles qui se trouvent chez beaucoup d'autres romanciers contemporains, certains même catholiques déclarés,"—in other words, according to this apologist, there are other Catholic purveyors of smut



besides M. Daudet, and therefore his offence may be condoned. He omits to say, however, that no other bad writer occupies so conspicuous a position as a Catholic champion—a character which may serve to recommend his poisonous books to the simple and the unwary. The real significance of the whole affair, the precise evil which this so-called political movement was causing, the necessity and opportuneness of episcopal and papal intervention,—all this is summarized in a paper published in the "Dossiers de l'Action Populaire"<sup>1</sup> for October 10, 1926, the strictures and warnings of which more recent events have only confirmed. It is almost incredible how, in their narrow and selfish nationalism, the writers of the *Action Française* have striven against peace at home and peace abroad. All the vices which we reprobated in "Prussianism" flourish anew in this anti-Christian worship of the French fatherland. And, as we might expect, it has developed an inveterate hostility towards the League of Nations,—the one hope for the world's peace. "Lilies that fester," says Shakespeare, "smell far worse than weeds." It has been the perverse aim of the *Action Française*, to the limit, happily circumscribed, of its capacity, to make the glorious lilies of France stink in the nostrils of all true followers of the Prince of Peace. Rightly, then, and not too soon, in the interests of France's honour, in solicitude for the morals of her youth, has the Holy See condemned the recrudescence of Paganism embodied in this ill-inspired and ill-conducted movement.

**The  
American Hierarchy  
on Mexico.**

During the war Cardinal Mercier's pastorals proved once more that the pen is mightier than the sword, that reason set forth in forcible language can make head against the utmost efforts of violence. Besides moulding international opinion, they upheld the spirit of his people under the most depressing trials and so contributed to the final victory. It may well be that the great Pastoral on the Mexican situation, issued on December 12, 1926, by the American Hierarchy, may have similar moral repercussions. It is expressly meant to second and supplement the anguished appeals sent forth already by the Mexican Bishops, and it is inspired by the solicitude which the Pope has frequently demonstrated towards his persecuted children. In Mexico we find in the crudest imaginable form the inevitable protest of the merely natural man against the presence and the action of the supernatural. Christ came to give freedom to the Jews, but that misguided and earth-bound people immediately cried out—"We will not have this Man reign over us." Similarly, although Catholicism has been the great civilizing agent in Mexico, which owes to the Church her rescue from barbarism, those who have

<sup>1</sup> Quoted in full in *Documentation Catholique*, Jan. 15, 1927.



usurped the Government of the State are full of fear of that higher power which is not in its exercise amenable to their jurisdiction. Hence the attempt, which has had so many parallels in history, on the part of the State in Mexico to crush and enslave the Church—an attempt which must ultimately fail, as it failed in Rome, in France, in Germany, in England, and everywhere it has been tried. The American Bishops find a further occasion for their protest against, and their exposure of, the injustice of the Mexican Government in the defensive propaganda employed by that Government throughout the States. Their Pastoral is an answer—strong, stern, and damning—to President Calles's plea for support. It shows that the Mexican Constitution is almost exactly the antithesis of the American in its disregard for elementary human rights, especially liberty of conscience, and in its practically denying the function of religion as the basis of morality. It demolishes by a well-documented appeal to history, the usual secularist charge that the Church is a foe to mental and material progress, and the equally baseless accusation that it has grasped at wealth and power for their own sakes. Particularly telling is the contrast between the riches attributed to the Mexican Church and the far greater wealth possessed by different sects in the United States. The object of the Pastoral is not intervention by force on behalf of the persecuted, but the enlightenment of the public mind about a matter thickly obscured by systematic misrepresentation. The secular press will, doubtless, go its way unheeding: the wickedness of the animal defending itself against attack is too manifest: but the Pastoral remains for all time a noble vindication of a maligned Church in the hour of its greatest need.

#### Central America.

The six little republics of Central America—Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Panama—which have less than five millions of population between them, are all in theory sovereign States and, as such, belong to the League of Nations. But money knows no frontiers, and those little States, politically free and independent, are practically owned by the financial interests, mainly belonging to the U.S., which have assisted their development. It is an inevitable consequence, when small communities, too poor to exploit their own resources, are surrounded by wealthy nations on the look-out for "raw materials"—inevitable so long as industry is primarily devoted to making money and only secondarily to supplying human needs. The treaty recently projected between the United States and Panama, a sovereign State with a population of a large city, may, perhaps, rather resemble the wage-contract, in the bad pre-Trade Union days, between the capitalist and the indigent individual, but in the circumstances it was the wisest course for

Panama to follow. The country containing the canal simply has to be the Ally of the United States in the event of war: the "canal zone" ten miles wide across the isthmus has already been ceded in perpetuity to U.S. administration, and the rights granted in the new treaty do not go very much beyond those hitherto in existence. It would be foolish, in any case, to think that, out of respect for the neutrality of Panama, the United States would, at war with Japan, send its Eastern fleet to the Pacific via Cape Horn. The proposed alliance granting the United States at war, the right to send warships through the canal which American money constructed, simply legalizes beforehand what would have to be done even though it did not exist. Necessity in this case, so far from ignoring law, takes care to have it on its side. The transaction, however, revives the question, with which the League of Nations itself has from the first been troubled, as to whether a certain standard of population and resources should not be reached before a country is admitted to full State rights in international relations. The analogy with individuals, who all, whether rich or poor, are supposed to be equal before the law, is not fully applicable, for the powerful State has large responsibilities as well. The six republics together would make a fairly strong Federal unit, but they are too belligerent to combine, even to prevent individual absorption.

**No steps yet to  
reconcile Capital  
and Labour.**

Although there is no lack of suggestions concerning the way to end industrial strife, nothing positive or constructive is being done. There is no personality big enough in the country to form a rallying centre for those who see that the Capitalist system must be seriously amended before we shall have peace. All we hear is that politics should be divorced from economics, a suggestion made almost a generation too late. If the grievances of the worker had been remedied at the end of last century, we should not have had the rise of that portent of the class-war, the Labour Party. But now political divisions will continue to run more and more on the same lines as economic divisions: in spite of a few "wealthy Socialists," the Have-nots will finally be arrayed against the Haves, unless their interests are made to harmonize. Trade-unions will recover from the strike and, growing powerful again, and having realized the futility of the strike weapon, will necessarily make more use of the ballot-box. Unless the teeth of socialism are drawn by a wider distribution of property and a more equitable arrangement of burdens, the Labour Party, in power as well as in office, will prove a real danger to the State. We hope that our legislators, who still have a huge majority and two years more of office before them, will make a speedy and wise use of their power and banish the causes of internecine strife.

Another Crisis  
in  
Anglicanism.

This is regarded as a year of crisis for Anglicanism arising out of Prayer-book revision, and different divines have already begun to discuss the ethics of secession. But recollection of the past history of the Establishment should serve to moderate both hopes and fears. Compromise and comprehensiveness will still remain the characteristics of that body and, as any alternative "use" will be only permissive, the various parties as such will be left as they were before. It is in the individual congregations that trouble is likely to occur, and *The Tablet* rightly pushes the question—what authority is to decide which use is to be followed? If the parson, then he may alienate his congregation: if the congregation, what proportion should prevail in case of diversity of view? The whole question bristles with difficulties, but not more so than at present when "my people will have it so" serves either as obstacle or spur to many an incumbent. The Anglican Church, moreover, will have avoided what she always instinctively shrinks from, viz., coming to a definite decision on some point of doctrine or practice. Let us turn to our oracle in the *Saturday Review* again (January 15th). He calls upon "the plain English churchman" to assert himself. Live and let live is his motto. "The mind of the Church should make it clear that it is not going to be rushed by extremists or any party organization." But who, alas! is there to clarify "the mind of the Church"? "Everybody knows," proceeds this earnest man, "or ought to know that the Anglican position covers a considerable difference in doctrine and ritual resting on a common foundation." This is, of course, private judgment, at work on the Bible. Or is it? Our plain English churchman does not make this plain. He goes on—

But what is this foundation which must be preserved, and how far is divergency of view allowable? There, of course, is the crux. It is a question that no private judgment can be allowed to answer. Individuals may answer it to their own satisfaction, but the answer of the Church cannot be individualistic. The Bishops have the authority to answer, and their authority is unique. All schools of thought will admit this.

And so, the reader will say, we come back to a living authority which can supplement and guide private judgment. But isn't this mere Popery? No, says our churchman, sublimely unconscious of trying to eat his cake and yet preserve it. "The Bishops may err, but if only infallible authority is to be regarded, then we must either be anarchists or Papists." The upshot, then, is that right or wrong the Anglican Bishops must be obeyed. Happily, no such immoral obligation is laid upon the despised Papist, who is bidden to obey only an infallible authority. If only our plain churchman could see himself as others see him!

**The Jubilee  
of an  
Eminent Jesuit.**

Among all the scholars of Europe it would be hard to find a more modest man or one who more completely holds aloof from any form of self-advertisement than the doyen of the Bollandists, Père Hippolyte Delehaye. As everyone who knows him will realize, it must have been a severe trial to his humility to find himself lately the centre of a great demonstration held to commemorate his golden jubilee as a Jesuit. Father Delehaye is not yet a septuagenarian, for he entered the noviceship in 1876 at the age of 17, but he has been occupied for quite 40 out of his 50 years of religious life in the hagiographical studies of which he is the most eminent living exponent. It was, we do not doubt, the very fact that as a scholar he has sought neither fame nor favour but only truth, which made the most illustrious and understanding of his countrymen, as well as the learned in many foreign countries, so bent upon paying him honour. He has received more than one noteworthy tribute before, but on the present occasion an autograph letter of the King of the Belgians, addressed to him in highly complimentary terms, was read aloud by the Rector of the Collège Saint-Michel; while the Belgian Prime Minister followed suit in a cordial speech, at the close of which he announced that he was happy to be able to bring with him for Father Delehaye the decoration of Commander of the Order of Leopold.

**King Albert's  
Letter.**

The King could hardly have expressed himself more graciously. "You, Reverend Father," he tells the jubilarian, "have a place among the historians of whom Belgians have most reason to be proud. It is a particular satisfaction to me to pay homage personally to the remarkable share you have taken in the unique and imposing work of the Bollandists, a work which does credit to the Church, to your Order and to Science, and which Belgium has reason to claim in large measure as one of her glories." After this M. Jaspar, the Prime Minister, made a short speech, in which he told the assembly that he had not been invited, that he was an intruder who had forced his way in, but he declared that it was an indiscretion of which he did not repent, that in honouring Père Delehaye the Government honoured itself, and he ended with a tactful reference to the part which the Jesuit scholar had played during the time of the German occupation. As all present will have been aware, Father Delehaye in the third year of the war had been arrested by the invaders and sentenced to ten years' solitary confinement, which left him, when the armistice at last opened his prison doors, physically a wreck, and quite unfit to set about, with vastly diminished resources, the huge task of reorganization which confronted him.

THE EDITOR.

## III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

## CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

**Celibacy**, Church's attitude towards lay [J. J. Walsh and others in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Jan. 1927, p. 52].

**Christ's Enthronement**, The Apocalypse a revelation of [J. Simon, O.S.M., in *Homiletic Review*, Jan. 1927, p. 349].

**Papal Authority**: how exercised [Y. de la Brière, in *Etudes*, Jan. 20, 1927, p. 129].

**Sterilization of the Unfit**, Practical Objections to [C. Bruehl, D.D., in *Homiletic Review*, Jan. 1927, p. 341].

## CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

"**Action Française**" trouble in France: repercussions ["L'Observateur" in *Catholic Bulletin*, Dec. 1926, p. 1275: Whole question reviewed, *Documentation Catholique*, Jan. 15, 1927, p. 131].

**Anglicanism** not "part" of the Church [Rev. W. A. Spence in *Catholic Gazette*, Jan. 1927, p. 23: J. Keating in *Month*, Feb. 1927, p. 145].

**Atheist's**, An (Rupert Hughes), attack on Christianity refuted [W. A. Anderson in *Catholic World*, Jan. 1927, p. 477].

**Catholic Nation Federation in France**, Work of [Y. de la Brière in *Etudes*, Jan. 5, 1927, p. 86].

"**Continuity**" at York [*Tablet*, Jan. 8, 1927, p. 41: Mgr. Canon Moyes on *ibid.*, Jan. 15, 1927, p. 75].

**Gosse**, Sir E.: his ignorance of things Christian [C.D. in *Glasgow Observer*, Jan. 8, 1927, p. 11].

**Haeckel's falsifications** in defence of materialistic Evolution [A. Breitung, S.J., in *Gregorianum*, Dec. 1926, p. 558].

**Protestant Church Association**: Slanders of its Secretary exposed [*Tablet*, Jan. 22, 1926, p. 108].

## POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

**Benedictines**, The English [Dom Basil Whelan in *Catholic Times*, Jan. 14, 1927, p. 14].

**Bolshevism** anticipated in Peru [F. McCullagh in *Tablet*, Jan. 8, 1927, p. 46].

**Catechist System in India** [Rev. T. Gavan-Duffy in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Dec. 1926, p. 569].

**Catholicism in Germany** [P. Delattre in *Revue Apologétique*, Jan. 1927, p. 56].

**Catholicism**, The, of Shakespeare [W. J. Tucker in *Catholic World*, Jan. 1927, p. 433].

**Catholic Priests Pioneers in Anthropology** [J. J. Walsh in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Dec. 1926, p. 583].

**Eugenics**, The Immoral excesses of, advocated by A. M. Ludovici and praised by Dr. Norman Haire [Editorial review of *Lysistrata* in *Catholic World*, Jan. 1927, p. 548].

**Negro in U.S.A.**: the Federation of Coloured Catholics [J.L.F. in *America*, Jan. 1, 1927, p. 284].

**Nicaragua**, Catholicism in [E. T. Long in *Catholic Times*, Jan. 21, 1927, p. 14].

**Orthodox Patriarchate of Jerusalem** [*Tablet*, Jan. 22, 1927, p. 106].

"**Semaines Sociales**" in France [S. Living in *Catholic Woman's Outlook*, Jan. 1927, p. 34].

**Will-Power**: a Study of the case of Jacques d'Arnoux [K. Brégy in *Catholic World*, Jan. 1927, p. 508].

# REVIEWS

## I—A NEW STUDY OF ST. IGNATIUS<sup>1</sup>

WE must begin by saying that Professor Van Dyke has not, and does not profess to have, much use for the supernatural, or for the working of grace as such in a human soul. He has not, and does not profess to have, much use for what is called mysticism; when it intrudes itself in the study of the man he has before him, either he acknowledges that he does not know what it means, or he parallels its manifestations by what he considers similar manifestations in the lives of others—notably, he chooses John Wesley,—or he passes them over with a hint that they are the developments of later biographers. Of miracles and the miraculous he is very suspicious; towards the end of the volume he handles very severely the miracles attested in the process of canonization of Loyola.

In consequence of this point of view, he has little good to say of the earlier lives of St. Ignatius. He points out their bias towards the edifying and the marvellous; how they have encouraged the growth of the myth around the name of the saint; how no one has suffered from his friends and biographers more than this saint. With modern authors, Astrain, and Tacchi-Venturi, and Fouqueray, he is more contented; on them, the "Monumenta Ignatiana," the "Autobiography," the Constitutions of the Society of Jesus, and the Spiritual Exercises, practically the whole of his study is based.

It will not be necessary, though it may be prudent, to point out that an author beginning to build on this basis must in many ways fail to understand one whose point of view was the exact opposite. Professor Van Dyke is out to show the greatness of the natural character of St. Ignatius and the esteem of men that it deserves; Ignatius expressly, and in many places, makes contempt from men an ideal to be aimed at. Our author extols the saint's broad horizon, including all the world in the sphere of his ambitions; Ignatius took for his motto: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?" The professor dwells on his hero's handling of men, his military genius, his will power, his singleness of purpose, his emphasis of union through obedience; he misses almost altogether the significance of the strong affection that bound his men about him, the devotedness of his followers which alone could have made his generalship possible, the love which he was

<sup>1</sup> *Ignatius Loyola*. By Paul Van Dyke. New York and London: Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. v. 381. Price, 15s.



never tired of emphasizing as the basis of all will power, of all union, of all action, of all true obedience. Nay, in this he contrasts Ignatius with his pupil Xavier; he forgets that the bursting love of Xavier could never have been what it was without a corresponding, perhaps even a greater, love on the side of Ignatius, however less fluently expressed in words. "Love," wrote Ignatius, "is expressed in deeds rather than in words"; and without that trait, running through all, partly explaining all in his life, any account of Ignatius Loyola must be inadequate.

Nevertheless, even within these limitations, Professor Van Dyke has set out to show the greatness of this sixteenth century saint. He has put him before us first as an ardent Spaniard, no better and no worse than other Spanish noblemen about him; with the same love of fighting, the same divorce of religion from morals, and above all the same inherent abhorrence of heresy. He tells the well-known story of his conversion, follows him to Manresa, and the Holy Land, and the universities of Spain and Paris; in a disconcerting way he passes lightly over events which a devotee of Loyola knows best, makes more of scenes which have hitherto appeared less important. We are then taken to Rome and to the founding of the "Company" of Jesus; its Constitutions, its work, for which the author has at first unbounded praise, but later some criticism, are then described, Loyola in the background, not only as the guide of all, but as expressing himself in every one of his disciples. At the end he seems to sum all up in the reflection: Though I do not agree with the ideal, still "Who of all those who have confessed themselves followers of Christ, has been more faithful than Ignatius Loyola to the ideals which seemed to him true?"

Can a study on these lines be called a success? Would Ignatius himself have thought so? One, at least, of his followers is compelled to answer these queries in the negative.

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## 2—CATHOLIC HIGHER EDUCATION<sup>1</sup>

**I**T may be that this volume written by Mgr. Barnes will set many thinking and discussing more than the author anticipates. It contains little or nothing that is new, but it brings known things together and sets them in order along a perspective which cannot but suggest conclusions to many both inside and outside the Catholic Church. It reminds us that before the Reformation the Church alone had the care of education in this country, and that, whatever else her enemies may have said of her, that work at least she did well. It reminds us that all that is best in English education to-day has its roots in the old Catholic tradi-

<sup>1</sup> *The Catholic Schools of England.* By Arthur Stapylton Barnes, M.A. London: Williams and Norgate. Pp. xi. 256. Price, 10s. 6d. net.



tion; indeed, the progress of the last hundred years has consisted in great part in purging out the evils the Reformation introduced. As the late Professor Phillimore has more than once shown us, from the point of view of education at least the Reformation in this country was wholly evil, cutting down to the roots the healthy tree which had just begun to show its fruits in Colet, and Fisher, and More, and separating it indefinitely from contact with the Continent and all the life of the Renaissance.

When the crash of the Reformation came, it was almost certain that so vigorous a tree would not be suffered to perish. Catholic education was transplanted; it was taken abroad, and allowed to grow as best it could on foreign soil, where it developed, receiving additions and modifications from its continental surroundings. In course of time it was brought home again, in many ways a stranger in its own land, and only now, after a century or more of struggle and adaptation, is it finding its due place alongside of the other educational influences in the land. For in England, more than in any other country of Europe, Catholic education has had a problem to face which seventy years ago seemed well-nigh insoluble. It had its traditions, of discipline, and curriculum, and standard, wholly different from those which had meanwhile grown up in the country. The founding of the Oratory School, mainly by and for the converts of the Oxford Movement, is a witness of the judgment of many that reconciliation between the Catholic continental tradition and the tradition of England was hopeless.

Nevertheless it has been effected. In all our Catholic schools to-day the English influence has prevailed; with what pangs and fears and misgivings in the hearts of their predecessors the present generation little knows. For tradition is a precious inheritance; live tradition is hard to kill; and with all its dangers, two of which in the process of adaptation have been specially prominent, it has about it a glory which even the most progressive of reformers will always be loth to destroy. Our schools must be adapted to the requirements of to-day, but let them not forget their past history; they must teach what is nowadays required, but let them remember that the stereotyped methods of old produced forefathers of whom they have reason to be proud.

Mgr. Barnes has traced first the history, then the process of adaptation which has gone on in eight typical Catholic schools of England from the Reformation till to-day. He has traced them along three lines, that of the secular clergy, that of the Jesuits, and that of the Benedictines; finally he has given as a type a school with no tradition, founded, as we have said, because to many it seemed hopeless to give new life to old bones. We congratulate him on the sympathetic way he has watched and recorded the process in each case.

3—HENRY RIDER HAGGARD <sup>1</sup>

THESE is a great deal in these two volumes which will interest a large circle of readers. Haggard's was an adventurous life, especially the earlier stages of it, and in the many books he wrote which had Africa for their scene he was able to draw largely upon first-hand experience. He was intimately associated with the English leaders who sagaciously or otherwise played a great part in the political agitations of 1875—1881. In this autobiography, compiled a dozen years before his death, Sir Rider writes with a frankness which disarms criticism. He undoubtedly had prejudices and he inevitably held views with which all would not agree. But he was emphatically "a white man," with a very generous heart and a deep undercurrent of religious feeling. Probably he owed much of this to his mother between whom and himself the bond was very strong. He has certainly done well to preserve a copy of verses which she addressed to him in 1875, when he first left England for Africa. We venture to quote the last of the seven stanzas:

So go thy way my Child! I love thee well:  
*How* well no heart but mother's heart may know—  
 Yet One loves better—more than words can tell—  
 Then trust Him, now and evermore;—and go.

This may sound very early-Victorian to the present generation, but in our opinion England is the poorer for having so few mothers now who would dare to write to a son of nineteen in such terms.

To many of those who may read this notice, one of the most interesting features in Sir Rider's first volume will be the record of the friendship which existed between him and Justin Sheil, who becoming a Trappist Monk under the name of Father Basil died at Rome in 1893. Haggard prints quite a number of Father Basil's letters, and went with his wife, just after their honeymoon, to visit him at Mount St. Bernard's Abbey. As the novelist frankly owns, he did his very best to persuade the young Trappist to come away, but the letters show plainly enough how little impression was made by his well-intentioned efforts. In the account before us we read:

Then came the struggle. I argued high and low, I implored and was utterly worsted. I could not move him one inch; my arguments he answered, my beseeching he put aside with the most sweet and tender gratitude. "Many have scolded and lectured me," he said; "you are the first

<sup>1</sup> *The Days of my Life, an Autobiography.* By Sir H. Rider Haggard. Edited by C. J. Longman, with illustrations. 2 Vols. Pp. xxvi. 294, 286. Longmans and Co. Price, 28s. net.

who ever came here to try to snatch me from what you believe to be an intolerable fate."

That was the substance of his words, mingled with thanks and blessings.

Those who may have been reading Emil Ludwig's "Kaiser Wilhelm II." will also be interested by some letters here preserved written in behalf of the Empress Frederick. Haggard obtained permission to dedicate to her his novel "Eric Brighteyes," and the Empress, writing in the third person to Haggard's brother, William, remarks *inter alia*:

It is indeed true that the Emperor Frederick while at San Remo—during those months of anxiety, of alternate hopes and fears, which he bore with a fortitude, patience, and gentleness never to be forgotten—found great pleasure in reading Mr. Haggard's books. He, as well as the Empress, especially admired "Jess," of which she read out a great part to him aloud. How pleasant were the hours so spent and how bitter it is to look back on the last happiness of days never to return—can easily be imagined.

Another aspect of Sir Rider Haggard's life which is less generally known than his great gift for romantic fiction was the interest he took in agriculture. But we cannot develop the matter here. We will only say in conclusion that the abundance of good stories and the great variety of topics with which these reminiscences deal effectively exclude dullness.

#### 4—EMINENT CHURCH HISTORIANS<sup>1</sup>

**S**TUDENTS of history will welcome this handy volume, containing studies by competent writers of 14 of the most outstanding historians in the Church, beginning with Eusebius in the fourth century, and concluding with Dr. Ludwig Pastor, still happily alive. Each author has been left to work out his subject as he has thought fit; though the papers are not all of equal depths, still none are without their worth and lesson. Each essay gives us an account of the author discussed, of his work, and of his place among historians; each concludes with an excellent bibliography.

Early writers are represented by Eusebius, Orosius, Bede, and Ordericus Vitalis; Las Casas forms a connecting link between the old and the new, in place and in time, owing his presence here

<sup>1</sup> *Church Historians.* A Collection of Papers read at the Sixth Annual Meeting of the American Catholic Association. Edited by Dr. Peter Guilday. Kenedy, New York. Pp. 440. Price, \$2.75 net.

mainly to his being in a sense the father of American historiography. Modern history, perhaps one might say history as it is now understood, begins with Baronius and Bollandus, names which suggest the two lines along which, in our time, historical studies have gone, the one of research, the other of conclusions. Muratori, who follows after these, may be called the father of all the historians who have come after him.

When we look at the remaining names upon the list, we cannot but be struck by their significance. Excepting that of Lingard all are German; and Lingard can scarcely be looked upon as anything but one of those outbursts of genius, coming from nowhere leaving no inheritance behind them, which at times flash like comets across the sky. He comes from no school, he knows no tradition; he does his work under conditions which make us wonder how it was possible; since he passed away Catholic England has not seen the like. To-day we have Gasquet and the admirable Benedictine school of workers, we have Belloc and what may be called the popular historians; we have had and have some quite excellent biographers; we have the Catholic Record Society and its like; we have Dr. Mann, we have had Bernard Ward and Edwin Burton; but since Lingard, in spite of our facilities and greater abundance of materials, we have had and have no names that can be put alongside of his.

In Germany it has been different: one by one, for a century and more, one has succeeded another; it has almost seemed as if each historian, besides writing history, has ambitioned to train a pupil who would be greater than himself. If we learn the lesson that this teaches, the book before us will have done an even greater work than its authors intended.

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### 5—A TRIBUTE TO ST. FRANCIS<sup>1</sup>

NOW that the year is over we cannot but be struck, one and all, by the extraordinary outburst of devotion to St. Francis which it has displayed; and with Mr. Walter Seton, who edits this collection of essays, we cannot but ask ourselves what it may signify. To him it has an historical origin; he traces it to many writers and students, culminating in M. Paul Sabatier, and is content to leave the matter there. But to us, and we suspect to Mr. Seton also, though he does not care, as a scholar, to go further, its sources are deeper down; mere learning, mere historical research, even mere brilliant interpretation such as Sabatier represents, could never have produced a world-move-

<sup>1</sup> *St. Francis of Assisi, 1226—1926. Essays in Commemoration.* University of London Press. Pp. xiii. 332. Price, 16s. net.

ment like this had they not touched a more living chord in the heart of the age in which we struggle.

For this reason, we feel, M. Sabatier, in the Preface which he has written to the volume, singles out for special praise the essay by Professor Edmund Gardner. In it, perhaps our first Dante scholar in this country traces the influence of St. Francis on Dante; in doing so, consciously or unconsciously, he gives the key to his influence on us all. For we are under a reaction; while the glamour of wealth and power is all around us, everybody feels that both wealth and power are bankrupt; that not the possession of these things, but independence of them, whether one possesses them or not, is what makes for the perfect man.

It is the reverence for St. Francis, who consistently in his own life built up a model of this truth, that gives a simple unity to all the essays, varied as they are, in this volume. In it, the authors base his influence on men, on art and letters; upon it, the scholars who discuss the texts found for the greater part their judgment. St. Francis, they seem to tell us, with all his seeming eccentricities was no eccentric; he was too much loved, and to-day is too much loved, to have been anything of this kind.

In a collection of essays, all of which are little masterpieces, labours of love by chosen labourers, it is difficult to have preferences. To us, besides that on "St. Francis and Dante" already mentioned, the essay on "Franciscan Thoughts and Modern Philosophy," by Father Camillo Pellizzi, appeals in a special way; it places scholasticism in its right perspective, while it gives fair play to modern philosophical evolutions. Other essays are stimulating rather than conclusive; in "The Study of the Sources," by Professor Burkitt, "The Franciscan School at Oxford," by Mr. Little, "The Re-discovery of St. Francis," by Dr. Seton, "St. Francis in Rome," by Mrs. Arthur Strong, and "Two Franciscan Mystics," by Miss Underhill, the student of St. Francis, is set on lines which will all repay research.

It is indeed a volume worthy of the London University Press. There is not a page which is inferior, nor a word which the most sensitive admirer of St. Francis will not delight to read. Is it, after all, coming about that the ideal of St. Francis, and of so many saints is being realized? Is it through poverty, the admiration and the love of its practice, that the religious world is again to become one? The recent encyclical of the Holy Father pointed to this, and the present volume, coming from the University of London, the centre of the wealth of the world, echoes his words with manifest approval.

## SHORT NOTICES.

### THEOLOGICAL.

**DE Cultu S. Josephi Amplificando** (Barcelona: 1926) is the title of a Latin dissertation by Fr. Joseph M. Bover, S.J., in which certain proposals, having for their aim the increase of the external cultus of the Saint, are examined and advocated upon theological grounds. The method is that of a strictly theological disquisition rather than that of a devotional treatise. The usefulness of this accumulation of theological argument will not be disputed even by those who shrink from the practical proposals deduced from them. Father Bover has undoubtedly presented his case well, and there is probably nothing in the strictly theological part of his essay to which exception will be taken. It is when we come to the liturgical conclusion that some—we believe, many—will dissent. The author proposes to petition the Holy See for the following liturgical changes: (1) The addition of St. Joseph's name, immediately after Our Lady's in the *Confiteor*; (2) the insertion of his name in the prayer *Suscipe Sancta Trinitas* in the Mass; (3) likewise in the Canon, in the prayer *Communicantes*; (4) and in the prayer *Libera nos*, which follows the Pater Noster; (5) a triple invocation of St. Joseph to follow immediately after the triple invocation of Our Lady in the Litany of the Saints. Father Bover invites the opinion of his critics upon these suggestions. Frankly, we do not like them. The disturbance of familiar liturgical texts we regard as an evil, which only grave necessity or some great advantage can justify. And we do not believe that there is any such necessity in the present case, or that any considerable increase of devotion would result from the proposed changes. The action of the Holy See towards such proposals in the past seems to show that this has also been the view of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

### MORAL THEOLOGY.

The classical treatises of Father Noldin, S.J., on Moral Theology have been revised in accordance with the *Codex Juris* by Father Schmitt, S.J. The first volume, **De Præceptis Dei et Ecclesiae** (pp. 723 with index), exhibits all the well-known excellences of Father Noldin's work in the additions which Father Schmitt has made. It became a standard textbook many years ago and will, we are sure, retain its place of honour. Every student of Moral Theology would be well advised to have this work at hand, if not as a *vade-mecum*, at least for constant reference.

A smaller volume on **De Sexto Præcepto et de Matrimonio** (pp. 106 and index) has been separately issued, in accordance with the original plan of Father Noldin. This volume also, needless to say, should be in the library of every student and Confessor. Principles are nowhere more clearly stated and proved and the practical directions to be given by Confessors are wise and prudent. Both volumes are published by the firm of Dessain at a very moderate price.

### BIBLICAL.

We are all agreed that the four Gospels as they stand are not the first record of the Life of Our Lord. Their likenesses and their dif-



ferences demand some earlier account, from which, with their own additions and alterations, the four Evangelists have drawn. These additions and alterations are derived from three main traditions, handed down respectively by the three apostles, Peter, James and John; of whom Luke has mainly preserved the first, John the last, while Mark and Matthew have "conflated" and embellished all three.

Such is the main thesis of *The Three Traditions in the Gospels* (Longmans: 7s. 6d. n.), by W. Lockton, B.D. The method of the writer is, almost entirely, one of comparison of words and phrases; the result, we fear, a profound mistrust of the historical value of the whole Gospel narrative. So much is attributed to "personal equations," so much to the influence of words, so much to echoes from the Old Testament, that we are lost in a maze of negations. The tendency to eliminate, to simplify, to make like stories to be mere variations of one and the same event, the ignoring of evidence on the other side, unfortunately give to the whole essay an air of special pleading which no amount of repetition is able to clear away. In his preface the author pleads for a fair hearing. We have endeavoured to give him that hearing, but we confess ourselves unconvinced. "If"—"Presumably"—"We have given reasons for believing"—"We have now shown"—; the line of argument is not new, but no amount of parallel quotations can make it scientific. There is nothing in the reading of this essay to convert a Catholic from the teaching and tradition of St. Jerome and the early Church.

#### PHILOSOPHICAL.

*Handbucher der Philosophie* (Oldenbourg, Munich) is the title of a work on a somewhat imposing scale, of which we have received two fascicules. It is proposed to cover the whole field of philosophy and the philosophic sciences, including anthropology, politics, and pedagogy. Such well-known names as Hermann Weyl, Hans Driesch, Fr. Seifert, and many others which appear among the collaborators give promise of a high standard of work. Driesch's *Metaphysik der Natur* is one of the two fascicules mentioned above which have so far reached us: the other is *Religionsphilosophie Katholischer Theologie*, by Fr. Erich Przywara, S.J. Prof. Driesch is well known as perhaps the most successful assailant of mechanistic materialism from the standpoint of empirical science. His work is an outline of the history of cosmological problems from the beginning down to the present time. It is when he reaches the question of the Philosophy of the Organism, as it appears to the modern student, that he speaks with special authority. We are very glad to see the systematic outline of the Catholic philosophy of religion which Fr. Przywara contributes. The subject has been too much neglected by Catholic writers, and the bulk of modern work upon it is from Liberal Protestant or Modernistic pens. Fr. Przywara begins with the metaphysics of the problem—the doctrine of the Analogy of Being—and discusses fully the question of Immanence and Transcendence in the Divine Object of religion.

#### APOLOGETIC.

Our service of God being, as St. Paul called it, eminently reasonable, it is well that this aspect of the Faith should be kept before the world which prides itself on its devotion to reason. Hence the timeliness and



force of Father Martin Scott's **Religion and Common Sense** (Kenedy and Sons: \$1.50) which aims at showing that the Catholic solution of many current problems, the Catholic attitude towards many burning questions, is in strict accord with what reason would suggest. Belief itself is reasonable, so is deference to Authority, so is the Church's view of Science, of Capital and Labour, of Immortality, Marriage, Sex, Patriotism, Liberty, etc. That outstanding feature of Catholicity, its moderation, which so impressed Mr. Chesterton in his agnostic days, is well brought out by Father Scott in these sane and cogent chapters. Only in the matter of War we are inclined to make some small exceptions to the doctrine here set forth. We should not like to endorse without much qualification the assertions that "the best way to have peace is to prepare for war" (110), or that the attitude of the Catholic Church is that she recognizes "the inevitableness of war" (111).

#### CANON LAW.

The firm of Dessain (Mechlin) has published a greatly augmented Latin treatise, **De Indulgentiis**. The work has been a text-book in the Archiepiscopal Seminary of Mechlin and has been admirably revised and brought up-to-date by Canon Gougard (pp. 264 and index). It deals with Indulgences in general, their nature, character and the conditions (pp. 1—55) and with many particular cases of Indulgences (pp. 55—260) such as those of the Jubilee, the Stations of the Cross, pious associations, rosaries, scapulars, Portiuncula and indulgenced prayers. The previous edition was published in 1903; there was need, therefore, since the publication of the new *Codex Juris*, of a new edition. All students should have this treatise at hand for reference. They will find it invaluable.

#### DEVOTIONAL.

Devotion to the Five Wounds of our Lord which, as tokens of the manner in which He redeemed us, remain visible in His Glorified Body has long been prevalent in the Church. It is, in fact, devotion to the Passion in other forms: a practical sympathy with the Redeemer natural in the members of His mystical Body. It is analogous to that cultus of the Sacred Heart, the seat and the symbol of the divine love which prompted the Redemption, a cultus which was propagated in the Church through the instrumentality of a nun of the Visitation Order. It would seem that the same Order is privileged to be connected with the other cultus as well, for there has recently come to light a series of revelations made to a nun of the Visitation at Chambéry on the subject. **Sister Mary Martha Chambon** (B.O. and W.: 1s.) was born in 1844 and died in 1907, but the last twenty years of her life were spent in complete obscurity, whereas previously she had been the recipient of many wonderful favours, such as sensible converse with God and ecstasies. We are promised a fuller life later on which shall clear up many points in this, based as it is upon the testimony of the holy soul herself, and lacking the confirmation of witnesses. Meanwhile we have here the record of a continued series of apparitions, interior locutions of an extraordinary kind, visits from Saints, etc. etc., told in the language of conventional hagiography and not easily carrying conviction.

We are glad that Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne have included in their excellent "Orchard Series" those well-known spiritual works of Abbot Blossius, **The Paradise of the Faithful Soul** and **The Sanctuary of the Faithful Soul** (3s. 6d. each). The original anonymous translation published in 1871 has been ably revised and edited by Father Bernard Delany, O.P., with suitable chapter divisions.

Two little mystical treatises—**The Spiritual Armour of St. Catherine of Bologna** and **The Way of the Cross** by Bl. Angela of Foligno—are translated and published in one booklet by Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne at 1s. They furnish solid and fruitful spiritual reading.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

Carmel is naturally at home in Palestine, and the Order reckons amongst its later glories a lay-sister who was born near Nazareth in 1846 and died at Bethlehem in 1878. Her Life, written in French, has already been before the public for several years but **The Life of Sister Mary of Jesus Crucified** (Sands: 5s. n.), translated by the Rev. A. M. O'Sullivan, O.S.B., is taken from a new French biography by the Rev. D. Buzy, S.C.J. It is a piece of popular hagiography of the old style, analysing and classifying the virtues of its subject and dispensing with any critical discussion or documentary support of the marvels related therein. Since these include her murder by a Mohammedan at the age of 13 and her subsequent restoration to life—she was 33 when her natural death occurred—it will be seen that they yield in nothing to what has been recorded of the greatest saints. No mention is made of the cause of this holy religious having been introduced, although both in life and after death many miracles were attributed to her intercession.

Rarely can the life of a Saint have been more attractively and accurately presented than is the story of St. Luigi Gonzaga—**A Boy's Choice** (Longmans: 2s. 6d.)—by Mother Maud Monahan. The very title emphasizes the main characteristic of Aloysius—strength of will—and the story unfolds with great skill the details of how his purpose to give God all began, grew, and was consummated in his short life. The exquisite line drawings by "Robin," full page and insets, add much to the beauty of the book and really elucidate the text.

The literature occasioned by the saintly career of the little Carmelite of Lisieux must by this time be almost immeasurable. Yet it continues growing. **The Spirit of the Little Flower of Jesus** (Beyaert: Bruges), by the Rev. H. O'Lavery, is, at any rate, the first essay of the sort which we have noticed from the Antipodes, for the author lives at Waratah, New South Wales. The fifteen chapters which compose the book have the air of having been delivered as lectures, for the writer frequently pauses to point a moral or to trace some general principle. At this moment one can hardly expect anything new either concerning the details of St. Thérèse's life or the message it conveyed. Father O'Lavery has presented both with care and exactitude, and his book may be profitably used to further her work of spiritual benevolence.

#### NON-CATHOLIC.

Writing **In Defence of the Faith** (Blackwell: 12s. 6d.) Mr. Charles Gardner does not seem able to define what he is defending. One

gathers from suggestions here and there that he professes a moderate "Anglo-Catholicism" but the seven chapters of the book contain little that positively supports that religious standpoint. The volume, in fact, seems to be a collection of half a dozen detached essays grouped under a title that applies to none of them. Dean Inge, whom Mr. Gardner respects as a philosopher and endeavours to rescue from the slur of modernism, has a chapter to himself. "Some Women Rebels" is the title of another chapter containing appreciations of Harriet Martineau, George Eliot, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Miss May Sinclair. It is in "Modern Romanism" that the real bias of the author's mind reveals itself, for he gives us a tedious *rechauffé* of Pusey's "Eirenicon" and Littledale's "Plain Reasons," and, in defiance of the best historians of his own school, ascribes the Reformation to the desire of the people of England to throw off the Papal yoke. His remarks on prominent converts to Catholicism repeat the recent offensiveness of Mr. Arnold Lunn. It is in the nebulous Christianity of the apostate John Donne that this strange apologist finally seeks rest.

## VERSE.

In singing of Our Lady, Mr. Chesterton to-day has one particular peak of Parnassus all to himself. There are those,—many, thank God,—who know and love and worship her as God's Mother in the flesh, but they are not poets. There are many poets, gifted and tuneful, to whom all the lore of the Mother-Maid is a sealed book. So we trust that **The Queen of Seven Swords** (Sheed and Ward: 2s. 6d.) will be duly welcomed by the Catholic public, proud, as they should be, that Our Lady's laureate could only be one of themselves, as all others lack either the faith or the knowledge or the requisite love. Mr. Chesterton's poems have very varied themes, yet all are adroitly connected with the Blessed Virgin. Sometimes his fancies break through language and escape, not seldom because his punctuation is inadequate. But re-reading and reflection will generally recapture them. And the book in any case is one for re-reading and meditation.

## FICTION.

One would hardly think it possible to connect romance with the Factory System but in **Tryer's Lass** (Sands: 6s.) "M. E. Francis" and Miss Agnes Blundell have made a pretty story of a young girl's attachment to the mills that came to her from a loved grandfather, and the many vicissitudes through which they were endangered, lost and regained. The authors show an "inside knowledge" of the cotton industry, and, what is better, a deep sympathy with the drab lives of the proletariat.

"M. E. Francis" is the sole author of another book called **Idylls of Old Hungary** (Sheed and Ward: 6s. n.) which preserves something of a peculiar "culture" already passing away before the war. She has constructed, out of her reminiscences of a prolonged visit to that country, a number of pleasing sketches, illustrating various phases of its civilization and also her own skill in delineating character.

The collection of episodes concerning life in France and Spain called **Human Bits** (Alden and Co.: 3s. 6d. n.), by Hildegard Hume Hamilton, is full of keen observation of foreign customs and scenes, but, as regards dramatic power, is somewhat wanting. Not even the pleasant pencil

sketches of some of the author's characters give a human interest to the narrative and she has no notion of the spirit or practice of Catholicism.

A good specimen of the historical novel comes to us from America—**The Sign of the Silver Cup** (Kenedy and Sons: \$2.00), although the writer, Miss Helen Atteridge, is from this side. It is concerned with the England of the Restoration—a favourite subject of Catholic writers, as witness Mgr. Benson's "Oddsfish" and Miss Enid Dinnis's "Mr. Coleman, Gent.",—and makes the most of those dramatic times, which, indeed, Catholics should never forget, if only they may better learn the real worth of the Pearl of Great Price, then to be attained or retained at the cost of all else. A most interesting and edifying book.

Some of the troubles agitating Kenya Colony are described in the form of a romance called **The Mission Boy** (B. O. & W.: 3s.), by Father Joseph Cayzac, C.S.Sp., who has lived for twenty-six years in British East Africa, and knows the situation from the inside. The mission-boy is a type which has ceased to be definitely pagan without becoming definitely Christian, for the author apparently does not describe the effect of Catholic mission activity. The sequence of facts on which the story is grafted prevents anything like a rounded plot and with the last chapter it is left somewhat in the air, but, at any rate, a vivid picture of the native mind is conveyed to the reader.

It is a puzzle to the reflecting that many devout Catholics who conscientiously follow our Lord seem to forget that to them also, as well as to the official hierarchy of the Church, has been addressed His command "to go and teach all nations"—a puzzle which must surely result from the fact that they seldom have had the obligation of supporting the great Missionary cause adequately put before them. In a **King's Garden**, by Mary Alice Vialls (Sands and Co.: 5s. n.), should help many to do this, for, although but "Tales of the Missions" (delightfully and entertainingly told), the lightness of style cannot hide the Christian heroism that is called for almost every day in the Mission Field on the part of those valiant souls who are using so splendidly their talent of Faith.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

The only defect one notices in the Essays to which Father Michael Earls, of Holy Cross, Worcester, has given the title **Under College Towers** (The Macmillan Co.: \$1.50) is an occasional straining after effect in image or metaphor, a failure sometimes to conceal the file at its work. For the rest they are the expression of a cultured mind, writing on matters of culture and illuminating its subject by instances, ancient and modern. Our readers have had the opportunity of appreciating Father Earls' urbanity and humour, for the charming essay reprinted here—"A Modern Stylites"—appeared in our columns in Sept., 1925. Its neighbours are worthy of that association, being full of quiet observation and a ready skill in word-painting.

The American Benedictines, true to their tradition, are doing excellent work for the development of the liturgical sense among the faithful. The Liturgy may be regarded as the code of etiquette in use in the court of the King of Kings. Perhaps in the New World there is even more need of insistence on the forms of worship than in the Old: anyhow in their Popular Liturgical Library, the Benedictines of St. John's Abbey have started a very useful and well-produced series. They have already

published *Liturgy: the Life of the Church*, by Dom Lambert Beauduin, and now appears a complementary volume translated from the Italian of Abbot Garonti, O.S.B., by Dom Virgil Michel, O.S.B., and called **The Spirit of the Liturgy** (Liturgical Press: 35 cents). It shows very clearly that, so far from the Liturgy being a sacrifice of spontaneity to formalism, it is really based upon a vivid sense of actuality. The little treatise is beautifully produced and is a credit to the Liturgical Press.

A bare mention of those two well-known Books of Reference—**The Catholic Directory** (3s. 6d.) and **The Catholic Who's Who** (5s. n.), both for the current year, is all that is required to recommend them, for there must be few who are not familiar with their utility in enabling Catholics to know all about their Church and each other. (B.O. & W.)

We are glad that a Bishop has said boldly in regard to the National Congress what we have always felt strongly and sometimes timidly hinted at in regard to its predecessors, viz., that as a body titled and wealthy Catholics in this country do not support these gatherings as they ought. This is the conviction expressed by his Lordship of Salford in his preface to the **Official Report of the National Catholic Congress at Manchester, 1926** (Catholic Records Press: 2s. 6d.), an admirable volume, well but cheaply produced, and containing a faithful record of the manifold sayings and doings of those crowded three days of September last. The practice of publishing Congress reports ceased after the first two or three, perhaps because the volumes were on too expensive a scale. In this case the compilers seem to have found the secret of combining completeness with low cost. Both as a heartening account of what has been done and an inspiration for future gatherings of the sort this volume merits the widest possible circulation.

#### MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

The first publication of the newly-founded "League of National Life" is the remarkable and cogent address on **The Dangers of Contraception** (L. of N.L., 68 Victoria St.: 6d.), with which Dr. F. J. McCann inaugurated its opening meeting on Oct. 29, 1926.

The following twopenny pamphlets of the C.T.S. are new:—**The Franciscan Missionaries of Mary**, by Father A. Bonnar, O.F.M., an inspiring account of missionary endeavour by a Congregation of Nuns founded in 1877 and now spread all over the world; **England and the Foreign Missionary Movement, 1838-1926**, by Lt.-Col. F. J. Bowen, a valuable record of the revival and growth of that missionary impulse amongst us which has not yet reached its term; **The Catholic Girl Guides' Prayer Book**, which those it concerns will welcome; **The Virtue of Purity**, by Father R. Buckler, O.P., a fervent and clear exposition, and a very sympathetic account of **The Quakers**, by D. M. J. Langdon.

Amongst reprints, which always testify to the continuous sale of the Society's productions, we notice the following familiar items:—**Why I left the Church of England**, by James Britten, surely one of the oldest "best sellers" on the list; **The English Martyrs**, by Father John Morris; **How to Look for the True Church**, by Bishop John Vaughan; **St. Cecilia**, by Rev. S. A. Parker, O.S.B.; **St. Margaret Mary**; **Oakendean Grange**, by Mrs. B. Hughes; and in the smaller format, **A Life of our Lord**, by Lady A. Kerr; **Vespers of Our Lady and Compline**, edited by Father Martindale; the **Jesus Psalter** and **A Guide to High Mass**.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

- AMERICA PRESS, New York.**  
*The Catholic Mind*, 1926, Nos. 21 to 24.
- BEAUCHESNE, Paris.**  
*Histoire de l'Eglise.* By Dom Ch. Poulet. 2 Vols. Pp. xiv. 494, 712. Price, 40.00 fr. *De la Vocation d'Ecrivain Chrétien.* By A. Décout. Pp. 222. Price, 12.00 fr.
- BLACKWELL, Oxford.**  
*In Defence of the Faith.* By Charles Gardner. Pp. 318. Price, 12s. 6d. *The Long Road.* By John Gray. Pp. 45. Price, 2s. 6d. n. *The Celtic Church and the See of St. Peter.* By J. C. McNaught, B.D. Pp. xv. 118. Price, 7s. 6d. n.
- BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, London.**  
*The Catholic Who's Who for 1927.* Pp. 543. Price, 5s. n. *The Catholic Directory for 1927.* Pp. 828. Price, 3s. 6d. *Light on Mount Carmel.* By L. de Besse, O.S.F.C. Pp. vii. 76. Price, 2s. 6d. *The Mission Boy.* By Joseph Cayzac, C.S.Sp. Pp. vii. 120. Price, 3s. *Sister M. Mary Chambon.* Translated from the French. Pp. xii. 63. Price, 1s. *The Catholic Church and the Appeal to Reason.* By Leo Ward. Pp. 115. Price, 4s. *The Catholic Church and Conversion.* By G. K. Chesterton. Pp. 115. Price, 4s. *The Spiritual Armour.* By S. Catherine of Bologna. Pp. 39. Price, 1s.
- CATHOLIC RECORDS PRESS, Exeter.**  
*National Catholic Congress: Manchester, 1926. Official Report.* Pp. xii. 348. Price, 2s. 6d. *The Benedictine Almanac and Guide: 1927.* Pp. 73. Price, 6d.
- CATHOLIC STUDENTS' MISSION CRUSADE, Cincinnati.**  
*The Reunion of the East.* By W. L. Scott. Pp. 63.
- C.T.S., London.**  
*Many Twopenny Pamphlets and Reprints.*
- GABALDA, Paris.**  
*L'Education Sacerdotale.* By Abbé C. Bouvier. Pp. xii. 366. Price, 15.00 fr. *L'Abbé Claude Bouvier.* By H. Bouvier and H. Hemmer. Pp. xxiv. 292. Price, 18.00 fr.
- HERDER, Freiburg.**  
*Die Stationskirchen des Missale Romanum.* By J. P. Kirsch. Pp. xiii. 271. Price, 4.60 m.
- JOHN MURPHY CO., Baltimore.**  
*Our Lady Mediatrix of All Graces.* By R. V. O'Connell, S.J. Pp. 120. Price, \$1.75.
- KENEDY & SONS, New York.**  
*In the Jersey Hills.* By Mary V. Hillman. Pp. 307. Price, \$1.50. *Training for Life.* By E. Garesché. Pp. 154. Price, \$1.75.
- LEAGUE OF NATIONS, Geneva.**  
*Greek Refugee Settlement.* Pp. xvi. 216. Price, 2s. 6d.
- LETHIELLEUX, Paris.**  
*Les Voix qui Montent.* Tome I. By Canon C. Cordonnier. Pp. 256. Price, 10.00 fr.
- LONGMANS, London.**  
*Anglo-Irish Literature.* By H. Law. Pp. xviii. 302. Price, 6s. n. *Mother Philippine Duchesne.* By Marjory Erskine. Pp. xiii. 400. Price, 18s. n.
- SANDS & Co., London.**  
*Up Hill and down Dale in Grenada.* By Fr. Raymund Devas, O.P. Pp. 92. Price, 2s. 6d. n.
- SCHÖNINGH, Paderborn.**  
*Das französische Bildungswesen in Geschichte und Gegenwart.* By Prof. Dr. P. Frieden. Pp. 192. Price, 3.60 m.
- SEARS & Co., New York.**  
*These Splendid Priests.* Compiled by J. J. Walsh. Pp. 248. Price, \$1.25.
- S.P.C.K., London.**  
*Retreats.* Edited by Rev. R. Schofield. Pp. xviii. 206. Price, 3s. 6d. n.
- TEN HAGEN LTD., The Hague.**  
*Art, Religion and Clothes.* By Herbert Antcliffe. Pp. vii. 184.

